Dec. 30, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Caretaker—A moth-eaten tramp moves in on two brothers in London, and the results, whether comic or dreadful or puzzling, are consistently fascinating. The playwright is Harold Pinter; the actors are Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, and Alex Davion; and the director is Donald McWhinnie. All of them are English imports of the highest quality. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

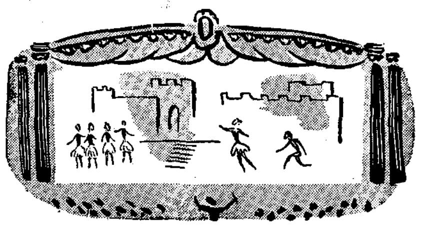
The Complaisant Lover—Graham Greene has created a hilarious hotel-bedroom scene to serve as a centerpiece for this comedy about adultery among the British middle classes, but some of his other inventions are not quite so successful. Michael Redgrave, Googie Withers, and Richard Johnson are husband, wife, and lover, respectively, and Gene Wilder, as a valet, and Bert Nelson, as an acquaintance of the husband, are most helpful. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Daughter of Silence—A play by Morris L. West devoted to the trial of a nineteen-year-old girl who has murdered a politico because he did in her mother a decade before. There's a touch of melodrama in the second act, but otherwise the talents of Emlyn Williams, Rip Torn, and Frederic Tozere are largely wasted. The setting is modern Tuscany. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gideon—This Paddy Chayefsky drama about the way things were when God was making a famous warrior out of the celebrated Old Testament herdsman is intermittently entertaining, and Fredric March and Douglas Campbell do well by the central roles. The rest of the cast is almost equally laudable, and Tyrone Guthrie has directed the play with his usual flair. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Man for All Seasons—An English drama, by Robert Bolt, that is far and away the best play around. Witty, literate, and captivating, it outlines some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr, Sir Thomas More, who, as played by Paul Scofield, is an enormously interesting character. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, Jack Creley, and David J. Stewart are of great help in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie Victorious—Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee in Mr. Davis's farce about some spirited Negroes and their obsolete white boss on a plantation in Georgia. As a playwright Mr. Davis is uneven, but as an actor he is fine. Miss Dee does some expert clowning as a wide-eyed country girl. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 28, and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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A Shot in the Dark—Harry Kurnitz's adaptation of Marcel Achard's "L'Idiote," which turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy maid. The scene is the chambers of an examining magistrate in Paris, and while the question-and-answer business has a lulling effect at times, Julie Harris (the maid), William Shatner (the magistrate), and Walter Matthau and Louise Troy (Miss Harris's employers) are pretty droll when they get a chance. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sunday in New York—A lot of useless palaver (should a girl remain virginal and scare off the boys, or surrender and lose her self-respect?) mars the first act of this play by Norman Krasna, but in the second act things improve for about a quarter of an hour, when mistaken identity is introduced, with some wild consequences. Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee are among those present at the debate. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Moves on Wednesday, Jan. 3, to the Golden, 45th St., W., CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)

Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, with Art Carney and Phyllis Thaxter. The director is George Abbott, the producer Harold S. Prince. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Write Me a Murder—Frederick Knott's mystery drama gets a grip on the spectators' interest just often enough to be mildly diverting. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies turn in worthy performances. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**come blow your horn:** A comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 1-2, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:40.) . . . **mary, mary:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 28, at 2:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give *four weeks' notice* and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

First Love—Lili Darvas and Hugh O'Brian in a dramatization, by Samuel Taylor, of Romain Gary's memoir "Promise at Dawn." Directed by Alfred Lunt and presented by Roger L. Stevens and Frederick Brisson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ross—Terence Rattigan's London play, with John Mills in the title role. Glen Byam Shaw is the director and David Merrick the producer. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Carnival—The plot of this adaptation of the movie "Lili" is a little slow in getting under way, but once it hits its stride there are plenty of stimulating doings, including a free-wheeling tent show where everything from puppets to jugglers is on display. Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard give plenty of lift to the proceedings, which were directed by Gower Champion. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)

The Gay Life—Alt Wien at the turn of the century, when the residents were all as giddy as waltzing mice. Oliver Smith has provided some sugary sets, and Barbara Cook has provided a bit of talent, and that's about it. Book by Fay and Michael Kanin and score by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser, and a couple of collaborators are responsible for this funny show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse gives a galvanic performance as this ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is hilarious as the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. The comedy also has some diverting performances by Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, Paul Reed, Ruth Kobart, and Sammy Smith. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kean—In the early nineteenth century, Edmund Kean was a king among English entertainers. If he had appeared in anything like this, he would have been deposed. Alfred Drake has the unfortunate assignment of representing him. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Milk and Honey—Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. Their adventures are hardly enthralling, but there is a lot of boisterous

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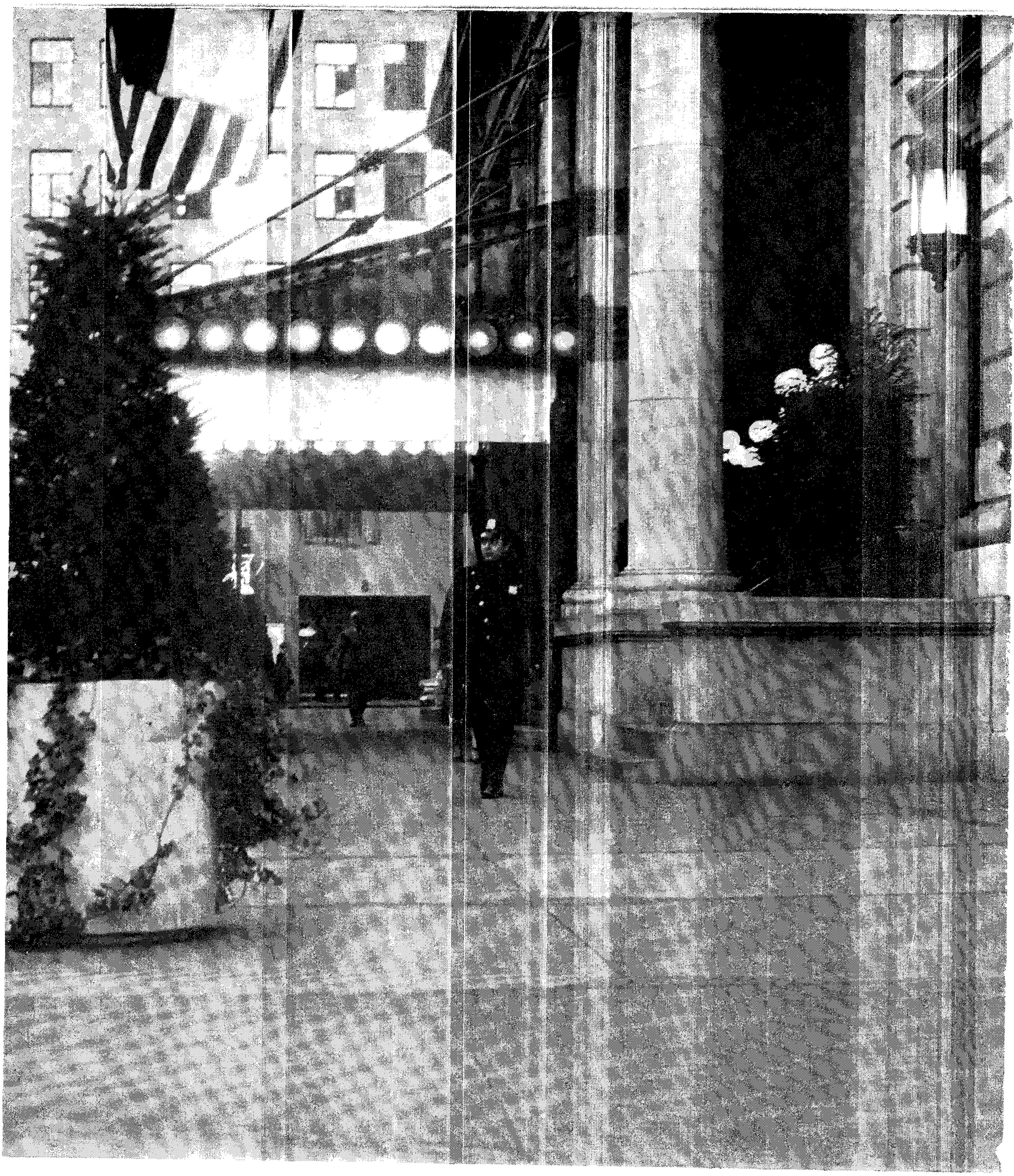

We discovered a singing star. Right in our own front yard.

The policeman at The Plaza is Saverio Saridis, photographed on his last day at work in the Eighteenth Precinct. That was a few weeks ago. December 20 through January 23 he will return to The Plaza as a singing star.

We discovered him quite by chance. The people installing some hi-fi equipment in one of our offices brought along a test record of Mr. Saridis' voice...dubbed in over background music. That was all we had to hear.

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folk dancing by the natives. The book was written by Don Appell, and the music and lyrics—nicely rendered by a cast headed by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell and Molly Picon—are the work of Jerry Herman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 1-2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)

Sail Away—The songs, book, and direction of this only so-so musical are by Noël Coward. Elaine Stritch, Alice Pearce, Patricia Harty, James Hurst, and Grover Dale head the cast, and the setting is a British cruise ship with a cargo of Americans aboard. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** In the court of King Midas. William Squire, Julie Andrews, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **DO RE MI:** Several underworldly specimens try to horn in on the jukebox business. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker have the leading roles. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.) . . . **IRMA LA DOUCE:** A French item involving some very seamy characters. Elizabeth Seal is Irma. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 1-2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Martha Wright in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN:** Tammy Grimes as a hoyden from rural Colorado who crashes society at home and abroad. The score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Subways Are for Sleeping—A musical based on a story by Edmund G. Love, with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Jule Styne, and a cast that includes Sydney Chaplin, Carol Lawrence, and Orson Bean. A David Merrick production, staged by Michael Kidd. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams' play, starring Bette Davis, Margaret Leighton, and Alan Webb. The producer is Charles Bowden, the director Frank Corsaro. Opens Thursday, Dec. 28. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Captains and the Kings—A play by Leo Lieberman, with Dana Andrews, Charlie Ruggles, Peter Graves, Conrad Nagel, and Lee Grant. Directed by Joseph Anthony and presented by the Theatre Guild and Joel Schenker. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 2. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Something About a Soldier—Sal Mineo, Kevin McCarthy, and Ralph Meeker in a play by Ernest Kinoy, adapted from Mark Harris's novel. A presentation of the Theatre Guild and Dore Schary, who also directed it. Opens Thursday, Jan. 4. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

All in Love—David Atkinson in a musical based on Sheridan's "The Rivals," with book and lyrics by Bruce Geller and a score by Jacques Urbont. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

All Kinds of Giants—A musical with book and lyrics by Tom Whedon and music by Sam Pottle. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 6 and 9.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The second play, unfortunately, is more tract than drama. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 7.)

American Savoyards—"The Student Prince," the final offering of the season. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Nightly, at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

The Apple—Jack Gelber's new play is horrifying, funny, and repellent, though seldom all at once. The setting is a coffeehouse, and among the seven characters are a spastic and a mad drunk who drops dead at the end of Act I but revives to participate in Acts II and III. Judith Malina's direction and the performances of Marilyn Chris, John A. Coe, James Earl Jones, Julian Beck, and the other members of the cast are nothing short of astonishing. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 2; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is gaudy rather than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Thursday at 8:40; Friday at 9:30; Saturday at 8 and 10:30; and Sunday at 3 and 8:15. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

Black Nativity—Langston Hughes' Christmas celebration is appropriately jubilant and moving. Most of the music is provided by two sets of gospel singers, one headed by Marion Williams and the other by Professor Alex Bradford. The company also includes a soloist, three dancers, and a narrator. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 3 and 8. Closes Saturday, Jan. 6.)

The Blacks—More Jean Genêt. This time we are ferried, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 7 and 10.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays at 8:30 and Saturdays at 10:30.)

The Dark Lady of the Sonnets and **Androcles and the Lion**—A Shaw twin bill. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 6 and 9.)

Ghosts—Ibsen's ideas and the character of Mrs. Alving are as good as new, but some of the dramatic machinery has rusted a bit over the past eighty years. Leueen MacGrath, as Mrs. A., heads a good cast. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 7 and 9:30. Special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and Alan Nunn, as the caretaker of the lodgings, are especially good in this most satisfactory revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 7 and 10.)

In the Jungle of Cities—This 1922 Bertolt Brecht play, concerning a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays and Sundays at 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 7 and 10. Special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)

The Long Voyage Home and **Diff'rent**—Marian Seldes in a pair of Eugene O'Neill revivals. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-3646. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 6 and 9. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

Madame Aphrodite—Nancy Andrews in a musical with a book by Tad Mosel and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. Preview Thursday, Dec. 28, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Dec. 29. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Many Loves—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 8:30.)

Misalliance—Philip Minor, who directed this revival of Shaw's comedy, rates high marks

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for its breeziness and clarity. The actors do well, too, especially Donald Moffat, as Mr. Tarleton; Lidia Prochnicka, as the Polish acrobat who drops in on his house party; and Emery Battis, as Lord Summerhays. (*Sheridan Square Playhouse*, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Thursday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 8:40; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Red Roses for Me—Martyn Green in Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Shadow of Heroes—A documentary in which Robert Ardrey has dramatized, in a rather wooden fashion, some episodes that took place in Hungary during the years between the Nazi Occupation and the uprising of October, 1956. Muni Seroff, as a combination of narrator and *compère*, is the essence of Budapestian charm, but the rest of the acting is only sporadically effective. Warner LeRoy's direction and Kim E. Swados's sets are most ingenious. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Signs Along the Cynic Route—Will Holt, Dolly Jonah, and Robert Barend are the whole cast of a revue for which Mr. Holt did the songs and he and Miss Jonah did the sketches. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 7 and 10.)

Sing Muse!—A surprisingly refreshing musical comedy based on that weary old Helen of Troy legend. Joseph Raposo's tunes, and his arrangements of them, are delightful; Erich Segal's book and lyrics are sometimes funny, sometimes uncomfortably waggish. The cast of six, which is headed by Ralph Stantley (Menelaus) and Karen Morrow (Helen), is just dandy. (Van Dam Theatre, 15 Van Dam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Ticket-of-Leave Man—A nineteenth-century melodrama by Tom Taylor. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 7 and 10.)

2 by Saroyan—"Talking to You" and "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning" are the one-act plays that make up the pair. The first is a murky, brooding fable. The second, as nutty and jolly as a Christmas party, is first-class Saroyan—or at least several members of a generally good cast persuade us that it is. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 7 and 10.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Dec. 28, at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays and Thursday, Dec. 28, at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 8 and 11.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Thursday, Dec. 28, at 11 and 4; Friday, Dec. 29, at 2:30; Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 31, at 8:30: "La Sonnambula," "Creation of the World," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 1, at 12:30 and 5:30: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:30: "Con Amore," "Ebony Concerto," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 5, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Pas de Deux," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "Agon," "Ebony Concerto," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 6, at 8:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Apollo," "Interplay," and "Stars and Stripes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 4.)

Mazowsze—A company of a hundred Polish folk dancers and singers, with a symphony orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30-31, at 3 and 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Not very often is it so quiet that you can hear a name drop, and more's the pity, for experts at this brand of gamesmanship are rife. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra do the dance music.

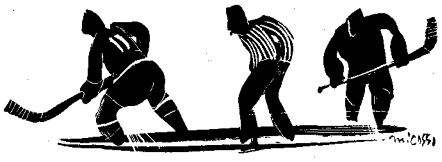
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The theatricals (mostly a reprise of well-remembered ballads) that go on at mealtimes in the Cotillion Room will never be accused of professionalism except when Fay De Witt and Wilbur Evans, who have a sense of order and of humor, intervene. In between, Stanley Melba's orchestra and a trio do tons of dance music. New Year's Eve there's just a supper show, Monday nights there's none at all. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails *through supper, is a bustling spa in which* Stanley Worth's minuscule group of musicians offers invitations to the dance all week long.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The dinner and supper hours in the Persian Room offer Saverio Saridis, until recently a member of the local constabulary. He now patrols another familiar beat ("Pagliacci," "Martha," "Ave Maria," and such), but he does it with a modest and manly grace that cannot fail. Emil Coleman's big dance band, which can lay great emphasis, and Mark Monte's set of eager beavers look after the customers' footwork. Only a late, late show on New Year's Eve; closed next day. . . . ¶ Tea-for-two piano, by Kurt Maier, is performed every night but Monday in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and again in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The pomp-and-circumstance Rendez-Vous is a playground for the small *dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick* D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's big band, which used to spend the winters in Palm Beach playing for Ponce de León's parties, is back (fainting saxophones and all) in the Grill. Closed New Year's Day.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The dinner and supper recitals in the Maisonette are by Vicky Autier, a minute French bird of paradise full of cheer, full of charm. At other times, these stately walls ring gently to the whirligig breathings of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba swizzlers. Bib and tucker is the minimum on New Year's Eve; closed New Year's Day.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—After eight-thirty, the noble Columns offers sailing along on Moonlight Bay (which in this case could easily be the Bay of Naples) to the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's circumspect orchestra and a small Latin class. Closed New Year's Day. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite arias in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night.



Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tomorrow-we-fly set, which is definitely not open stock, infiltrates the Embassy Club (where, from eight-thirty to two, Lazaro Quintero's orchestra speaks with a Latin accent, when the alternating trio is not being as American as blueberry pie) and the Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi's violin begins a vigil at eight). Both arenas are closed on New Year's Day.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Hildegarde is again our lady bountiful, gliding about the Empire Room at dinner and supper while she distributes songs, adages, and *moues*. It's rather like Christmas parties for the tenant farmers. Milt Shaw's orchestra and a quartet that is surely the figment of a disordered imagination play for the guests' getting-up exercises. On Sunday, Dec. 31, Hildegarde will be replaced by Carol Channing, who'll usher in another New Year with aplomb, verve, and not a few rumbustious ditties. There's to be just one showing that night, at twelve-thirty; thereafter the norm will be resumed. Closed New Year's Day. . . . ¶ New Year's Eve, too (and only then), the Starlight Roof will be dusted off by the vehement Latin sonatas of Xavier Cugat's orchestra, to which Abbe Lane will add her special variety of body *español*.

Note—Anyone wishing to view or become wholly involved in the Twist, a virus for which there is no known cure, may as well repair (in the circumstances, the *mot juste*) to the **PEPPERMINT LOUNGE**, 128 W. 45th St. (CI 5-9363), where two Twist bands whirl every night in a creditable replica of the Malamute Saloon; the **CAMELOT**, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135), where Alan Freed, a dismounted disc jockey, has two bands on the range seven days a week; or the **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310), where the Commanders and the Orchids, a band almost overcome by the rapture of its own music, rage out of control. Dorothy Donegan's trio, which was never designed for the Twist, does her final set of bop, bop, bopping along on Sunday, Dec. 31.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder at bar and table. Freddie Fassler, an old-school violinist, divides his bowings and scrapings into individual portions, one for each table. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This, the third of Mr. Hawkins' playgrounds for children, has just opened its floodgates, providing its guests with the same fare as before: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from then until midnight; then double piano by Mr. S. and Mr. H. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday and Monday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini, Leoncavallo, and the rest of their mob dined here and wrote down tunes on the tablecloth, which is now ensconced on the music rack. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. The resolute little opera company goes through hell and high water, Italian division, every night, and Mr. B.'s dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The patter of tiny feet, all of them imported from Seville, is setting innumerable stamps of disapproval on everything that's wrong with life and love life. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Cast out the moat in the eye of the beholder as he crosses the drawbridge into this toyland, and you have an up-to-date restaurant, whose tables are circumnavigated by Norbert Faconi's Casanova violin. No music New Year's Day. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion

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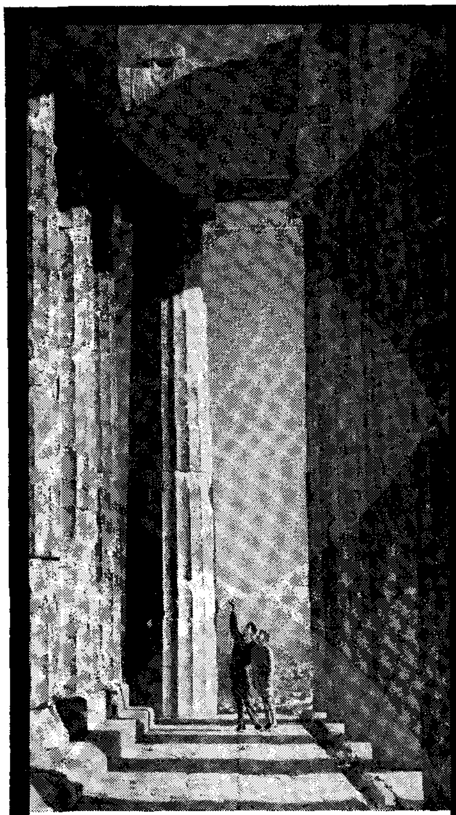

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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piece to the Château Henri IV (*q.v. supra*) and—like it—decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion, a violinist and an accordionist drift gently with the tide. No music New Year's Day. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol, staffed by a chef who believes that calories can be fun, by a zither from six to ten, and thereafter by Greta Keller, whose chatelaine manner and indigenous songs thrive mightily in the mountain air. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Midsummer nights in a long-lost but awfully happy Budapest, where silence is a vacuum abhored by the tenor of Tibor Rakossy, the birdlike trills of Lili France, and the massed voicings of fiddles and zimbalons. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Anyone is apt to show up on the minute bandstand. Among the arrivals, due at ten, are Andy Hamon, who lends a lush-life tenor to his ballads, and Ronnell Bright's trio, which is modern-generation. Until then, one may study the roguish gallery of art on the walls. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A seat of the mighty, and suitably upholstered. The Cinzano-with-lemon-peel is interlaced, between eight-thirty and maybe two, with the piano of George Feyer, which is all Venetian glass. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Somewhere within a forest of Moorish arches and columns is a piano that's casually stroked by Conrad Monjoy. In addition, on Fridays and Saturdays, Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing from ten until one. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music New Year's Day. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A good deal of this particular Vienna is simply travelogue. Its saving graces are Liane, a genuine Viennese artifact whose way of singing has been slightly Americanized, and the guilelessness with which the rest of the words and music are set forth. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Appian as the day—or, rather, the night—is long. Up and down the Way wanders a stream of earnest violinists belonging to Herman Honigsberg, often trailed (at a respectful distance) by accordions. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. Dancing on New Year's Eve. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The eighth hill of a famous city on the Tiber. The music, which (like the cuisine) is wholly regional, comes from a closely knit group of melodists who operate from six until two. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The vast acreage embraced by the Casino-on-the-Park offers, between cocktails and supper, Steven Weltner's piano, a judicious mixture of sentiment and science. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hard-core but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A sextet of flamenco singers and dancers show up now and then to blow their little Spanish tops. The rest of the time, a piano muses in a corner. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Fasts can be broken here in elaborate surroundings from six in the evening until one, and often to the tune of Marty Berns' warmhearted piano. No music New Year's Day. . . . **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX**, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): In the commissary of the St. Moritz, Jimmy Lyons' trio is making its eloquent *Nachtmusik* from dinner until after the theatre every night but Monday, as well as at a Sunday preamble from two to eight.

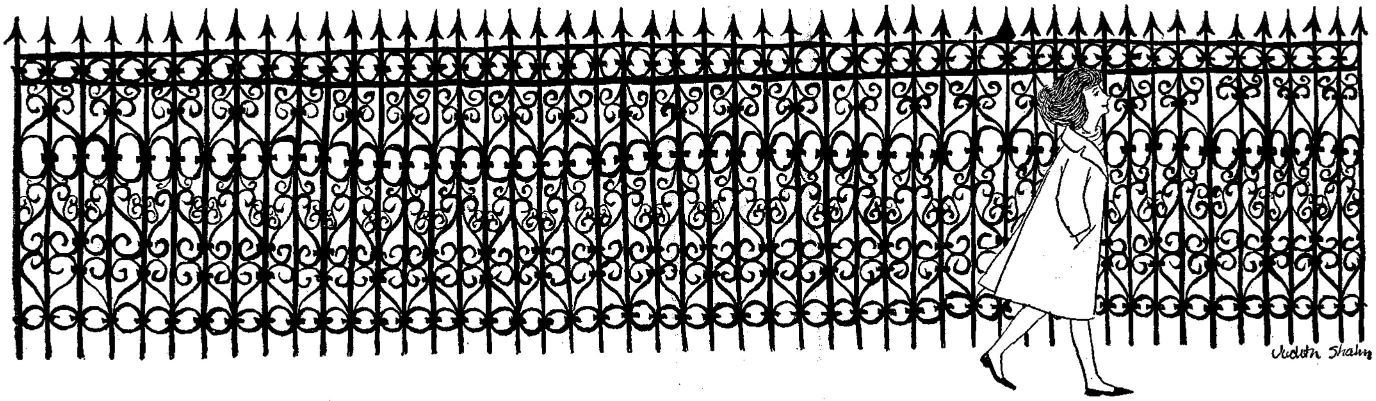
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): It's lucky that clothes do not make the glorious young ladies here, inasmuch as they have almost none to wear. As this immense pageant of natural history winds its luxurious and leisured way across the stage, it is accompanied by Rafael de Cordova's breathless young ballet troupe, the Wallendas' dizzying aerial ballet, the mummery of the Arnaut Brothers, and lots and lots of well-choreographed flummery. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The pièce de résistance is Sammy Davis, Jr., who has solved the problem of perpetual motion but hasn't yet decided what to do with it all. Eight lovely handmaidens perform their footwork in look-Ma-I'm-dancing fashion. The spectators are also permitted the use of the floor.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): From left to right—Dave Astor, a soapbox comedian who relies on very direct oratory; the extremely merry squadron of Andy and the Bey Sisters, who do songs, dances, funny sayings, and funny faces; and Peter, Paul, and Mary, a flock of tongue-in-cheek folk singers who may be the beginning of a new trend in the art or the end of the whole damn business. Otis Clements's piano ties them all together. Closed New Year's Day. On Thursday, Jan. 4, Mr. Astor will give way to Dorothy Loudon, a dour child who specializes in deep-down low dudgeon. . . . ¶ After ten, the lounge is devoted to the we're-all-friends-here soirées of Bobby Short, whose ballads and piano are full of abiding joy until dawn's early light. He stays home Saturdays so that he can do a Sunday matinée from five to eight. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are the valiant participants in his trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's newest report to the nation, the revue known as "Seven Come Eleven," covers a multitude of sins, human and inhuman, in the course of an extremely sly ninety-minute catechism. The leading narrators are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, both of them diamond-cut-diamond; their new and brisk aides are Rex Robbins, Philip Bruns, Donna Sanders, and Steve Roland. It goes on at nine-fifteen and midnight. William Roy and Carl Norman are the life-giving piano accompaniment. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dressed to the Nines" is Julius Monk's left hand, which knows perfectly well what his right hand is doing. This smaller revue happens twice a night, too, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. The central heating is the work of a girl pinwheel named Freddie Weber; the touch of Venus is the work of a fawn named Lovelady Powell; the efficient male hustle-and-bustle comes from Jim Sheridan and Pat Fox. Double piano is set forth by Robert Colston and Robert Milrad betweentimes, and this music begins around nine. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): It looks like any of a dozen Village *boîtes*, but among the characters wandering across the stage is Barbara Gilbert, whose buzzing-bee soprano has more than one sting. Her last night is Tuesday, Jan. 2. Closed Mondays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): A handsome bid to recolonize these United States, done with aplomb and majesty (Queen Victoria, at a guess). The bait is comprised, *inter alia*, of shepherd's pie, Bass's ale, wondrous stage sets, a noble master of ceremonies (the name is Fred Stone), and a variety show (Victorian again) that is sometimes sprightly, sometimes a part of the British Empire the sun might just as well have set on. The cast is ten members of the London Players Theatre. There are dinner and supper performances Fridays and Saturdays, and dinner shows the rest of the week, except Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the back room, a set of novice but noble chorus girls are romping through what they think are the dance routines; Hanna Ahroni, who comes from Israel, bleats songs of every nation in a sweeping-all-before-her manner. The dancing of the customers, which is practically compulsory when Pupi Campo's band really warms up, is an extra dividend. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's tense voice does flamenco songs so persuasive that half the audience joins in. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St. (AL 4-0480): The "Second City" galaxy of players, lately retired from Broadway, are executing their often thoughtfully underplayed pranks in a new *café-au-lait* establishment. Severn Darden and Barbara Harris head the cast. They do their duty at eighty-thirty and eleven-fifteen during the week, and additionally at one-fifteen Saturday nights. Mondays are their at-homes. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Betty Kean and Lew Parker will check in on Tues-



What's down under the sea? Hostile submarines? New food sources? Biological wonders like the archaic coelacanth fish? ¶ In many ways, we know more about the surface of the moon than we do about the sea around us. The sea guards its secrets in darkness, with pressures that crush steel like an eggshell. Radio waves that put us in touch with the stars can penetrate less than 100 feet of its depth. ¶ Westinghouse scientists are among those working to unravel the sea's mysteries. A new Westinghouse depth gauge gives undersea navigators up to five times the accuracy at five times previous depths. Westinghouse is perfecting new precision instruments for measuring salinity, acoustics, currents, pressures, sea floor contours. New undersea propulsion methods under investigation at Westinghouse involve fuel cells, thermoelectric generators, thermionic converters, cryogenic propellants. Strange words, strange world. You can be sure . . . if it's

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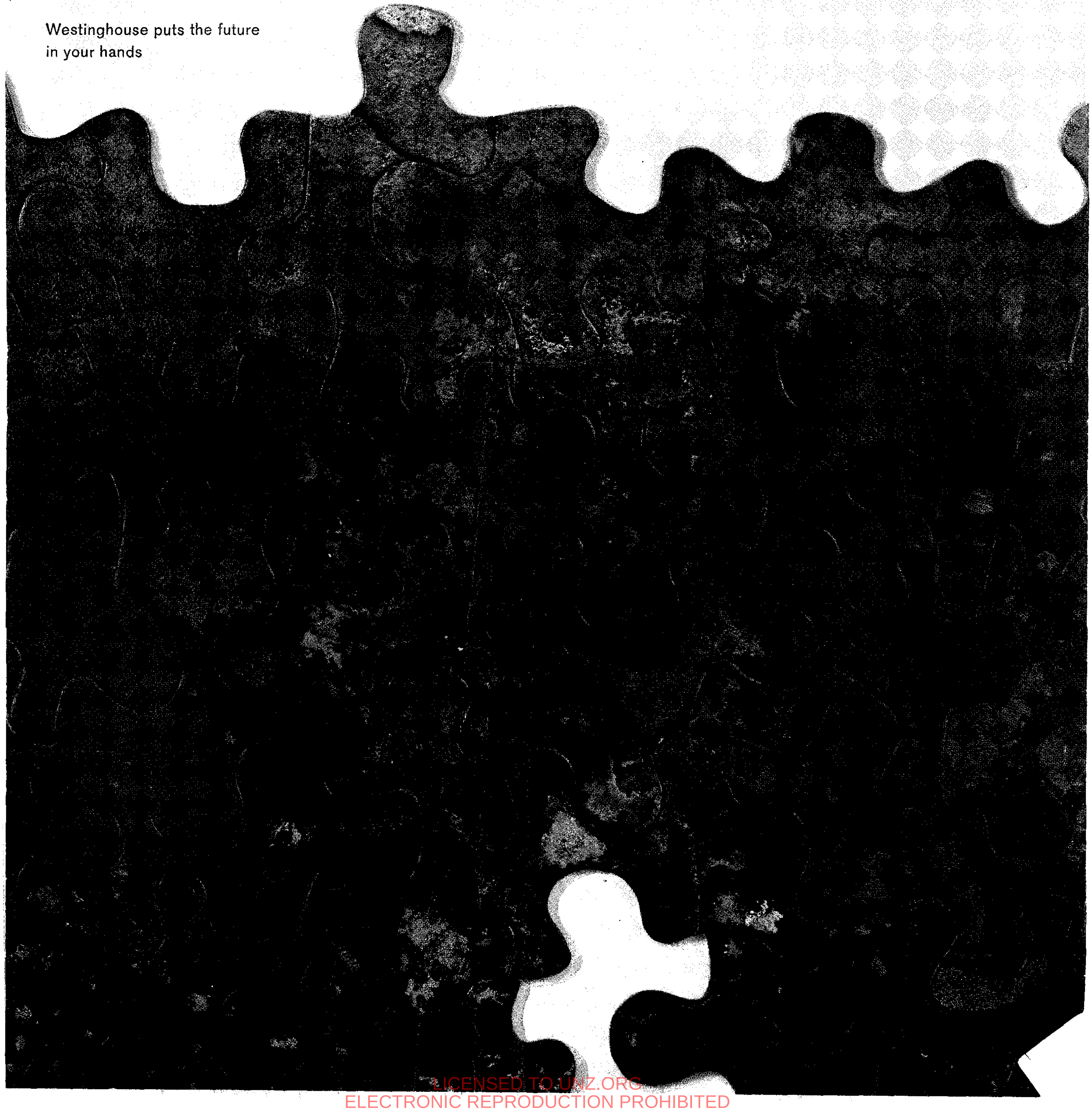

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Jan. 2, to commence a series of their catch-as-catch-can antics and small talk. The Three Flames will be providing their carefree parody of music, and Karen Chandler, a good example of the old school of balladry, will assist. Closed Mondays.

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31	1	2	3	4	5	6

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Max Kaminsky's band, still clinging to tradition, is busy letting freedom and the welkin ring simultaneously. Bob Wilber is part of the troupe, and so is Mr. Condon. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross are turning loose their odd and wonderful street cries upon the midnight air; Jimmy Raney and Lee Konitz are the mainstays of a foursome that loves to think out loud. All hands finish up on New Year's Eve; on Tuesday, Jan. 2, Cannonball Adderley's argumentative foursome and Shirley Horn's dreamy trio will be setting to. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Louis Armstrong's orchestra, which is as much village fair as anything else, is doing its bread-and-circuses routine, to which LaVern Baker is adding the lyrics; Dwike Mitchell and Willie Ruff, now augmented by a sideman, are doing their best for modern chamber music. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): A survivor on a street that has fainted almost dead away. Here Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Garvin Bushell—are carrying on in blampety-blamp style the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison's horn, a magnificent ordeal by fire, rouses his band to the defense of music as it was in the beginning. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio is now shuttling between tone poems and putting real driving finishes on his generally representational contributions to modern art. Frances Thompson, who does the intermission piano, gives a good account of herself, too. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The teeth of the gale are operated by the band of Gene Krupa, which is off duty Sundays (with the exception of New Year's Eve) and Cozy Cole's gang, which is off duty Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday nights, there's Twist music, and the tribal rites that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A gusher is brought in every hour or so. The biggest one, and the noisiest, is Count Basie's big, bold band. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out on the town. On Thursday, Jan. 4, the Basies will be succeeded by the orchestra of Maynard Ferguson, which is highfalutin and hypertension. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A Punch-and-Judy show in which Charlie Shavers' quartet is top banana. Nothing else matters much. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Miriam Makeba, who casts a shining light on the meaningful ways of African folk music, and Les McCann, Ltd. (a trio), bow out on New Year's Eve. The music store reopens on Friday, Jan. 5, with Nina Simone, a broody girl, and her trio. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 29-31, there'll be additions: Randy Weston's band and Al Minns and Leon James, a brace of memorable jazz dancers. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and their quintet, who rarely like to leave their ancestral home, will step outdoors on New Year's Day so that Lenny Tristano's foursome can get in a few cool licks that evening. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Several first citizens are in residence, among them Miles Davis, who acts as visiting nurse to his flock of six, dropping in on it now and then to emit a couple of unearthly bleats, and Teddy Wilson, who owns a trio. New Year's Eve is their last session. On Tuesday, Jan. 2, the quintet of Stan Getz (which will be embellished by his soulful horn) and John Coltrane's rataplan quartet will move in. Mondays are for visiting musicians. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A manual for the instruction of the young in the ways of traditional thinking and playing. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29-30, the crew of instructors should include Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Eddie Barefield, Red Richards, André Persiany, Cliff Leeman, Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Letman, Kenny Davern, Henry Goodwin, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Lou Donaldson's quintet (off Tuesdays) and Walter Bishop's trio (off Mondays) are using the place as a measured mile in which to try out.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed New Year's Day.)

Ludwig Bemelmans—Paintings and drawings for his latest book, "Madeline in London;" through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Bill Bomar—Fluently handled abstract oils and water colors done at Cape Cod and in Greece; through Jan. 20. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

David Burliuk—Landscapes, flowers, and portraits by this artist approaching his eightieth birthday; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Mike Donohue—Abstract oils and water colors; through Thursday, Jan. 4. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Mario Garcia—Constructions; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Alberto Giacometti—Bronzes, paintings, and drawings, from the last two years; through Friday, Dec. 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ruth Gikow—Figurative oils; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

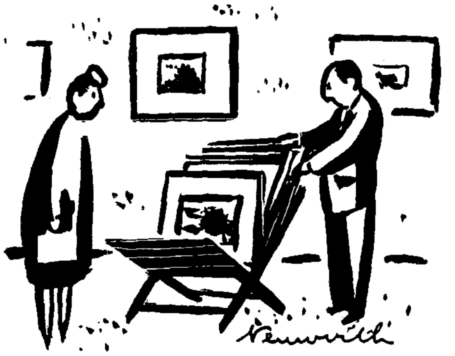
Julio González—Welded-metal sculptures by one of the pioneer Spanish constructivists, who died in 1942; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Sidney Goodman—Grimly allegorical paintings and other works; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Nathan Cabot Hale—Welded bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Feingarten, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Fred Hauck (1905-60)—Abstract gouaches; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Franz Kline—Abstract Expressionist paintings, boldly calligraphic in style; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)



Gérard Koch—Expressionist sculptures, mostly acrobats and seated figures; through Jan. 15. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St. Open Sundays, 3 to 6.)

Benjamin Kopman—Expressionist gouaches and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Peter Lipman-Wulf—Sculptures and graphics; through Jan. 15. (Rothschild, 27 W. 67th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Ewald Mataré—Animal sculptures and graphics; through Friday, Dec. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Paintings, collages, and montages (1941-61); through Jan. 20. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

William Palmer—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Graphics; through Jan. 13. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Pickhardt—The second section of a three-part survey, covering thirty years of his paintings and drawings; through Jan. 27. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Reder—A retrospective of drawings, prints, and sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings until 10.)

Larry Rivers—Oils mingling Abstract Expressionist and naturalistic motifs; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Louis R. Williams—Canvases of nudes, bathers, and so on; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Contemporary Arts, 19 E. 71st St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30. Open New Year's Day.)

Sculptures—At the **ANDERSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Louise Nevelson, David Smith, Arp, and other Americans and Europeans; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 30.) . . . **GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Pieces dating from 1880 to 1961 by Rodin, Gauguin, Lipchitz, and others; through Jan. 27. (Closed Mondays.)

Pre-Columbian Art—Sculptures of Ancient America; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **CAMINO**, 89 E. 10th St.: A Christmas show of paintings ($50 to $350) by, among others, Sally Cook, Jo Warner, and Connie Fox Boyd; through Thursday, Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: The annual Christmas exhibition of paintings and sculptures ($100 to $1500); through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by John Sloan, Louis Bouché, Leonard DeLonga, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by (for instance) Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, and Xavier Gonzalez; through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: A holiday show of works in various mediums by the gallery group, including Jacques Hnizdovsky, Noel Rockmore, and August Mosca; through Jan. 12. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by members of the gallery, among them Lee Krasner, Fred Mitchell, and Michael Lekakis; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: "The Romantic Temperament," a showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists at Leon Bakst, Arthur G. Dove, and Gustave Moreau; through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . **CRYSTAL**, 54 E. 58th St.: A show of small paintings, drawings, and sculptures for young collectors by John Bratby, Renato Guttuso, George Papashvily, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 6. . . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Abstract paintings and sculptures—Arp to Xceron; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: "Contemporary Trends," an exhibit of paintings by, among others, Pollock,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

de Kooning, Appel, and Tàpies; through Saturday, Dec. 30.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** *21* E. 67th St.: The annual exhibition of drawings, water colors, and pastels by modern masters, including Cassatt, Hassam, and Seurat; through Friday, Dec. 29.... **LEWISON,** 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Emile Bernard, Alberto Pisa, and others, plus sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Saturday, Dec. 30.... **PERIDOT,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Drawings, water colors, and sculptures by Feininger, Lachaise, and Redon (to name a few); through Jan. 13.... **THIBAUT,** 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Jean Fautrier, Antonio Music, Paul Jenkins, and Stuart Devlin are four of the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Jan. *27*.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Rembrandt, "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer," is now being shown in the Great Hall.... ¶ "101 Masterpieces of American Primitive Painting from the Collection of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch," an exhibition of portraits, historical subjects, sporting scenes, landscapes, and so on dating from the early eighteenth through the nineteenth century, half of them by anonymous artists; through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twelve stained-glass windows (depicting the twelve tribes of Israel), along with preliminary sketches for them, designed and executed by Marc Chagall for the synagogue in the new Hadassah-Hebrew University Medical Center, near Jerusalem; through Wednesday, Jan. 3.... ¶ Three nineteenth-century French symbolists: Odilon Redon (paintings, drawings, and prints), Gustave Moreau (paintings), and Rodolphe Bresdin (prints and drawings); through Feb. 4.... ¶ Studies by the late Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco for a series of murals that he was commissioned in 1932 to do for the Dartmouth College library; through Jan. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—On loan from the Louvre for the Christmas season is a picture (dated *1621*) of the Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and an angel, in the center of a wreath of flowers. Peter Paul Rubens painted the figures and Jan Bruegel, the Elder, the wreath. Through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.: For the first time in New York, an exhibition of sculptures produced by the Khmers (ancestors of the present-day Cambodians) in the centuries (eighth to fifteenth) that gave rise to the Angkor Vat and other temples of Angkor; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, Sundays, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Jackson Pollock, Alfred Leslie, Sam Francis, and others are on view in the show, "American Abstract Expressionists and Imagists, 1961;" through Sunday, Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"The Christmas Story," an exhibition of miniatures from medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, portraying such scenes as the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, and the Adoration of the Magi; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Fabrics International," a display of fabrics from twenty-one countries, including Belgium, India, Peru, South Vietnam, and Ghana; through Jan. 14. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Selections from the collections of René d'Harnoncourt and Gertrud A. Mellon—masks, sculptures, ritual vessels, fetishes, and weapons (from such diverse regions as Africa, the Americas, and Oceania); through Feb. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—From the Museum's collections: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics, dating from 1920 to the present, by Zygmunt Menkes, Marsden Hartley, Louise Nevelson, and others, plus Tibetan seventeenth- to nineteenth-century tankas and art objects; through Feb. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, *22* W. 54th St.—The 1961 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, consisting of a painting apiece by a hundred and thirty-six artists, including Elaine de Kooning, Conrad Marca-Relli, and Reuben Tam; through Feb. 4. (Daily, except New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—*Thursday, Dec. 28, at 8:* "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Dino Formichini, Lorenzo Testi, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gladys Kuchta, Irene Dalis, Jon Vickers, Otto Edelmann, and Gottlob Frick. (The second of four special-subscription performances.) ... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Eileen Farrell, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and Jerome Hines. ... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, Daniele Barioni, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 31, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Anna Moffo, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Alessio De Paolis. (*A non-subscription performance.*) ... ¶ Monday, Jan. 1, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, Laurel Hurley, Charles Anthony, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 7:30: "Siegfried," with Birgit Nilsson, Jean Madeira, Hans Hopf, George London, and Paul Kuen. (The third of four special-subscription performances.) ... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Anna Moffo, Helen Vanni, Nicolai Gedda, Morley Meredith, and Alessio De Paolis.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Rosalind Elias, Barry Morell, Robert Merrill, and Ezio Flagello.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 5, at 7: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Gladys Kuchta, Hans Hopf, Walter Cassell, and Gottlob Frick. (The last of four special-subscription performances.) ... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, and Frank Guarrera. (A benefit for the Vassar Club of New York scholarship fund; for tickets, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2307.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall—Werner Torkanowsky conducting on Thursday, Dec. 28, at 8:30 (no soloists); and Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8:30 (with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Harold Gomberg, oboe).... ¶ Georg Solti conducting on Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 5, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 7, at 3 (all with John Browning, piano).

MUSIC FORGOTTEN AND REMEMBERED—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Adele Addison, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; and Chester Watson, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

THE PLAY OF DANIEL—A twelfth-century musical drama, presented by the New York Pro Musica, with a choir of boys and men; John Westbrook, narrator; Charles Bressler, tenor; Robert White, countertenor; Gordon

Myers, baritone; Brayton Lewis, bass; and others. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 3 and 8:30; Monday, Jan. 1, at 8:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 2-3, at 3 and 8:30. For tickets, call JU 2-4090.)

RECITALS

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30, the fourth in a series of five all-Mozart programs, with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8:30, the fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

Quintetto Boccherini—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

Ania Dorfmann—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Julian Bream—Guitar and lute. (Town Hall, Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Sonny Rollins and his band, John Coltrane's quintet, Thelonious Monk and his band, and Nina Simone's trio. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 31, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Duke Ellington in a piano recital, with Sam Woodyard, drums, and Aaron Bell, bass. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 29, at 9: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 7: Boston vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Detroit.

Boxing—Sugar Ray Robinson vs. Denny Moyer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 6. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Dec. 31, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **Caykap Productions:** "The Silent Music Box." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Thursday through Monday, Dec. 28-Jan. 1, and Saturday, Jan. 6, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . **Children's Fine Arts Guild:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 28-30, and Saturday, Jan. 6, at 1 and 3.) . . . **Equity Library Theatre for Children:** "Niccolo and Nicollette." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2:30.) . . . **F-K Company:** "The Magic Weave." (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 2; Saturdays at 1 and 3; and Sundays at 12:30. For tickets, call WA 4-3290.) . . . **Horizons Children's Theatre:** "Scrooge." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 28-30, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 1.) . . . **Merri-Mimes:** "Alice in Wonderland." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 28-30, and Saturday, Jan. 6, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **Music Box Theatre for Children:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Thursday, Dec. 28, at 11:30 and 1; Friday, Dec. 29, at 11:30 and 2:30; Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2:30; and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 1.) . . . **Pace-Dunham Productions:** "The Snow Girl." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 28-30, at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **Peppermint Players:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 28-30, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30; Sunday, Dec. 31, at 1; and New Year's Day at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Ali Baba." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 28-30, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30; Sunday, Dec. 31, at 1; and New Year's Day at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Sleeping Beauty." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 28-30, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30; Sunday, Dec. 31, at 1; and New Year's Day at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . **Phoenix Theatre:** "The Littlest Circus." (334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Thursday, Dec. 28, at 1 and 3; Friday, Dec. 29, at 11, 1, and 3; Saturday, Dec. 30, at 11 and 1; Sunday, Dec. 31, at 1; and New Year's Day at 1 and 3.) . . . **Vera-Dee Productions:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 1 and 3; Saturday, Dec. 30, at 11, 1, and 3; and New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **Gia Wallace Puppet Theatre:** "Punch and Judy" and "The Circus." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 28-31, at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "In the Still of the Night," views the Christmas skies as they appeared at the time of the Nativity and as they look today. Starting Wednesday, Jan. 3, there will be a new show, "Design of the Universe," which explores the structure of the world and how it came into being. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 28-30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 31, and New Year's Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 2-5, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 6, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ There are half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, nightly except Sunday, Dec. 31, and New Year's Day.

Movies—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," a film with a cast of puppets. (Murray Hill Theatre, 160 E. 34th St., MU 5-7652; Beekman Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 66th St., RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 28-30, at 11; Sunday, Dec. 31, at noon; and New Year's Day at 11. . . . ¶ Art Theatre, 36 E. 8th St., GR 3-7014. Thursday through Monday, Dec. 28-Jan. 1, at 1.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, and New Year's Day, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. Closed New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily, except New Year's Day.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 1, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Top Hat" (1935), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 2, showings at 3: "Beau Brummell" (1924), with John Barrymore and Mary Astor. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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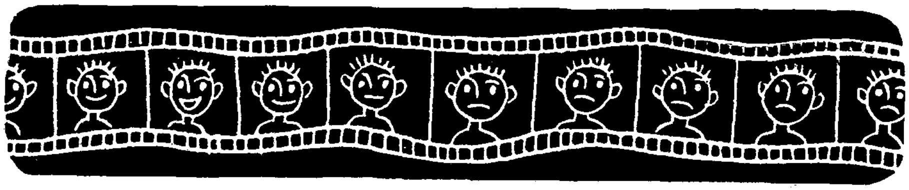
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



La Belle Américaine—A French comedy full of very old-fashioned and therefore brand-new gags, starring Robert Déry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. If it isn't offensive to say so, this is a picture for the whole family. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A silly affair, slickly photographed. Audrey Hepburn makes us excuse it many of its sins, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, and Martin Balsam are other mitigating factors. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 3.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 3, tentative.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is beautiful and exciting from start almost to finish. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Exodus—Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle of Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusters. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128.... ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; starting Jan. 1.)

The Five Day Lover—*L'amour* takes lots of time and energy, but if you are young and in Paris, how could you possibly be better employed? A very funny and sometimes infinitesimally sad picture, starring Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle, and François Périer. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—Stanley Kramer has produced and directed a slam-bang inquiry into the meaning of justice, as practiced directly by Nazis judging Jews and Americans judging Nazis, and indirectly by young post-Nazi Germans judging their American conquerors. Spellbinding, and with crafty performances by Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Monday, Dec. 28-Jan. 1 at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—Jeanne Moreau and the late Gérard Philipe play two attractive fiends bent on destroying virtue in the fashionable Paris set of which they are the ornaments. A dazzling adaptation, directed by Roger Vadim, of de Laclos's famously infamous classic. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Daily at 2:30, 7, and 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Mark—An unsparing account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a fearful crime against a child. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture is heartening as well as grim, thanks in part to superior performances by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

No Love for Johnnie—A lower-middle-class politician comes up out of the Midlands to make good in London, and along the way wins and loses the love of three women. A stunning performance by Peter Finch. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Purple Noon—The French have notions about Americans that are as rum as American notions about the French, and in this thriller we are given their concept of some rich young Yankee playboys on the loose in Italy. One is a murderer and two others are murderees. Tagging along after them is a delightful girl, who suffers. Alain Delon and Maurice Ronet are the leading men, and Marie Laforet is *la jeune fille souffrante*. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 3, tentative.)

A Summer to Remember—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. An altogether successful work of art, especially recommended for children. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Truth—Old-fashioned in form but racy and up-to-the-minute in content, this first-rate courtroom drama about a promiscuous young Parisian murderess (she has killed her lover in what is probably the only disinterested act of her life) stars a new actress named Brigitte Bardot, who is every bit as pretty and sexy as that old non-actress Brigitte Bardot. Henri-Georges Clouzot is the talented man behind both the picture and La Bardot. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 2, tentative.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 2:30 and 5:30; Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 5:15; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 2:30 and 5:30; and Wednesdays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 3.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 28.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Richard Brook's interpretation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about revivalists. Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons are the most conspicuous Gospel shouters. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 3.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 28.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (*silent*) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 3.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the ballroom dancers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 2-3.)

To Be or Not To Be (1942)—An Ernst Lubitsch farce in which Carole Lombard and Jack Benny outwit the Gestapo. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 29-30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 13.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) "One, Two, Three," James Cagney, Horst Buchholz.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) "The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) "The Wonders of Aladdin," Donald O'Connor, Vittorio De Sica.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970) **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600) "Babes in Toyland," Ray Bolger, Tommy Sands.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626) **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400) "The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) **WEST SIDE STORY.**

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) "King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursday through Monday, Dec. 28-Jan. 1, at 2:30 and Wednesdays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) "Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Monday, Dec. 28-Jan. 1, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) Through Jan. 3 (tentative): "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277) Through Jan. 1: "The Comancheros," John Wayne, Stuart Whitman.
From Jan. 2: "Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty; and "Blast of Silence," Allen Baron.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through Jan. 2 (tentative): **THE TRUTH** (in French).
From Jan. 3 (tentative): **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434) "Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) Dec. 28: "The Comancheros," John Wayne, Stuart Whitman; and "September Storm," revival, Joanne Dru, Mark Stevens.
Dec. 29-31: "Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty; and "Blast of Silence," Allen Baron.
From Jan. 1: **EXODUS.**

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) "One, Two, Three," James Cagney, Horst Buchholz.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) "Something Wild," Carroll Baker, Ralph Meeker.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663) "The Wonders of Aladdin," Donald O'Connor, Vittorio De Sica.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) "Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) "The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900) Dec. 28: "The Comancheros," John Wayne, Stuart Whitman; and "September Storm," revival, Joanne Dru, Mark Stevens.
From Dec. 29: "Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty; and "Blast of Silence," Allen Baron.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) **EXODUS.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210) Through Jan. 3: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037) Through Jan. 2: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.
From Jan. 3: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**; and "Blueprint for Robbery," revival, J. Pat O'Malley.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) Through Jan. 3 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) **THE MARK.**

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) **EXODUS.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) **THE TRUTH** (in French).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a film with a cast of puppets.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) Prokofieff's "Cinderella," in a full length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454) **NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE.**

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) "Odd Obsession" (in Japanese), Machiko Kyo.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190) **EXODUS.**

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) Dec. 28: "From This Day Forward," revival, Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens; and "The House I Live In" (in Russian), revival.
Dec. 29-30: **TO BE OR NOT TO BE**, revival; and "Private Ivan" (in Russian).
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Way Out West," revival, Laurel and Hardy; and "The Quiet Man," revival, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.
Jan. 2-3: **THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE**, revival; and "The French They Are a Funny Race," revival, Martine Carol, Jack Buchanan.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through Jan. 2: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "The Tunnel of Love," revival, Doris Day, Richard Widmark.
From Jan. 3: **ELMER GANTRY**, revival; and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

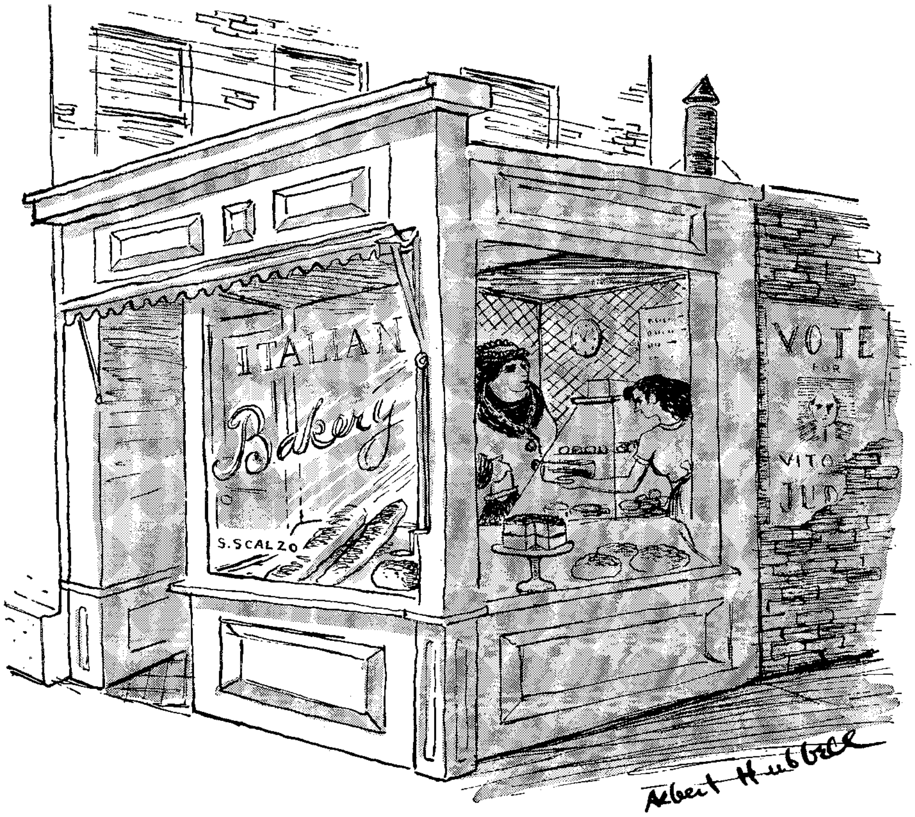
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) Dec. 28: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 29: "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom; and "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck.

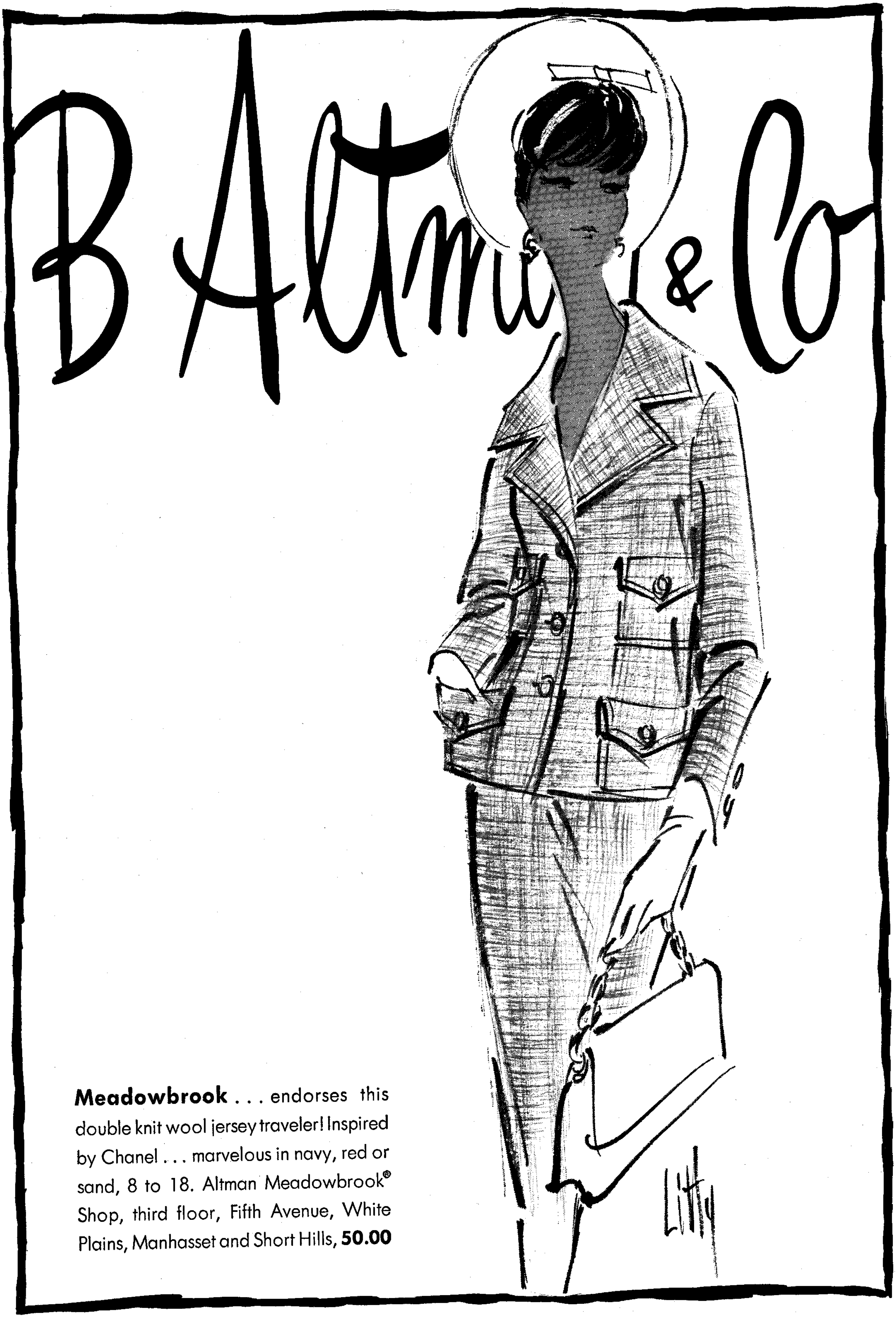
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530) "The Comancheros," John Wayne, Stuart Whitman; and "September Storm," revival, Joanne Dru, Mark Stevens.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200) **THE TRUTH** (in French).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128) **EXODUS.**

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210) Dec. 28: "The Comancheros," John Wayne, Stuart Whitman; and "September Storm," revival, Joanne Dru, Mark Stevens.
From Dec. 29: "Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty; and "Blast of Silence," Allen Baron.





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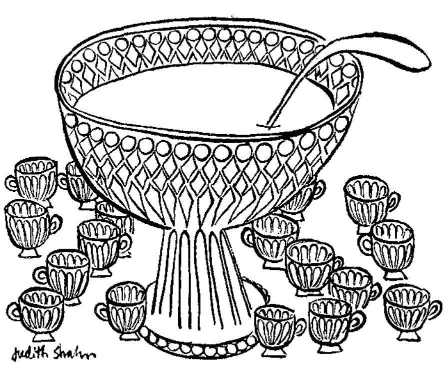
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

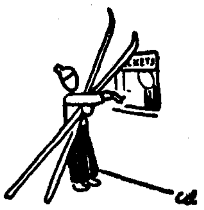
NOW, in the last days and hours of 1961, we've been taking stock of all its days and hours, and to our astonishment and delight it turns out that, along with the large, sorrowful events that have occurred throughout the world—Cuba, Berlin, the Congo, Goa, and more—there have been for us here in New York a good many small events that are agreeable to look back on. The big deeds can be left to the historians. Over their heads, we would like to wigwag to our descendants something about the small events that also were intensely ours. Their very triviality served to command our attention; their comparative unimportance made them comparatively precious. We guarantee that nearly every item in the following inventory will fail to find a place in any future record of our time. Let it nevertheless be noted, if only by us and only for our imaginary grandchildren of the year 2000, that for the inhabitants of this city 1961 was the year in which a swan quit Central Park on foot and strolled as far down Sixth Avenue as Fifty-seventh Street before being persuaded to turn around and walk home. It was the year in which a lion was seen sitting in the back seat of a car that had been left in a parking lot on West Thirty-third Street, and in which a twenty-one-year-old psychology student swam thirty-five miles around Staten Island and complained of feeling a little tired. This year, the Empire State Building was sold for the third time, and Parks Commissioner Newbold Morris decreed that there would be no more folk-singing in Washington Square and, a riot or so later, had his mind changed for him by our indulgent Mayor. It was in 1961 that the Metropolitan Museum gallantly admitted that three terra-cotta statues of warriors, supposedly Etruscan and of the fifth century B.C., had been found to be twentieth-century forgeries. This was the year in which an anonymous philanthropist offered the city five hundred thousand dollars toward the building of a swimming pool in Central Park, while another philanthropist, the late Miss Loula D. Lasker, left six hundred thousand dollars in her will for the same purpose, and a third philanthropist, John Sergeant Cram, was arrested for being kind to derelicts. Still another philanthropist rewarded honesty; two boys found $795.30 in dimes, which had fallen out of a Brink's armored car on Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, and were given a reward of a thousand dimes by somebody who had read about them in the papers. On a hot summer's evening, much of midtown New York was blacked out for four and a half hours, Con Ed having embarrassingly blown a fuse. Some of the new businessmen on Third Avenue urged that the city rename it the Avenue of the Promenades and were quickly hooted down by old businessmen, mostly of Irish descent. Eight girls at the Dalton School translated three-quarters of President Kennedy's Inaugural Address into Latin, sent it to the White House, and received a reply from the President, also in Latin, prepared by an administrative assistant, who made a few mistakes. A plan to cut a broad pedestrian mall from Forty-fifth Street to Fifty-ninth Street between Fifth Avenue and Sixth Avenue was announced by an architect named Ralph Pomerance, and nobody said a word against it.

Across the river, sixteen residents of East Orange were arrested in their homes after midnight for having books overdue at the library, and the three book lovers who couldn't raise bail at that hour went to jail for the rest of the night. General Eisenhower won sixty dollars in stage money at the dice table on a benefit cruise staged by the American Cancer Society just outside the three-mile limit. The Carlton House lost its liquor license for a week as a result of serving a Daiquiri and half a bottle of Bordeaux to a young man three months short of legal drinking age. Manhattan got its first new hotel in thirty years, the serpentine Summit. The Dakota, one of the two or three oldest apartment buildings in town, was saved from demolition by being sold to its tenants and converted into a coöperative. A couple in Rye were haled into court for hanging tattered garments on a clothesline in their front yard, as a protest against high taxes, and two steers and a pig broke out of the stockyards at Eleventh Avenue and Forty-first Street and were captured by the police at remarkably diverse points—in the water off a pier on Seventeenth Street, in a parking lot on West Thirty-eighth Street, and on the New York Central tracks at West Forty-third Street. The Bronx Zoo began to house nocturnal animals, which had always slept during visiting hours, in a building so lighted by day that it would seem like night to them, and so lighted by night that it would seem like day, thus tricking the poor things into wakefulness for our convenience. Governor Herbert Lehman emerged from the mouth of a whale, on the occasion of the opening of the new Children's Zoo, a gift to the city from Mr. and Mrs. Lehman, and for two days a Former Naval Person was at anchor in the Hudson, entertaining friends and occasionally raising his hand in a V-for-victory sign that is already a generation old.



Fortuny's Favorites

THE Metropolitan Museum set up a new curatorial department—Drawings—not long ago, and we've visited the office of the assistant curator in charge, Jacob Bean, a tall, lanky Minnesotan with six years' training on the staff of the Louvre. "There's always been a collection of drawings here," he said. "In 1880, Cornelius Vanderbilt bought a large group—mostly Italian drawings—from James Jackson Jarves and gave it to the Museum. This was the cornerstone, and a very indifferent one at that. The collection was increased by bequests, and just before the First World War Roger Fry, who had been curator of paintings here briefly—Drawings used to be under Paintings—went back to London and began serving as a kind of European adviser to the Met. At his suggestion, some Correggios and Leonardos were bought. The most glorious bequest—the nucleus of our excellent group of Rembrandts, plus some wonderful French nineteenth-century drawings—came from Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer in 1929, and two brilliant block purchases were made in the mid-thirties, when George Blumenthal was president of the board of trustees. One consisted of fifty Goyas from Mariano Fortuny, who invented that curious pleated silk and had a palace in Venice; the other of some Venetian eighteenth-century drawings—Tiepolos and Guardis—from the Marquis de Biron, a Frenchman who lived in Switzerland. There are well over two thousand drawings in our collection now, and, as I may have indicated, it is especially rich in Venetian eighteenth-century, Goya, Rembrandt, and French nineteenth-century. We're trying to add strength in areas where coverage is thin—seventeenth-century Italian and French, for example—but this is difficult. The available supply is limited, because so many drawings have been lost and the demand on the international market for survivors is great. Drawings are unpredictably sensitive to light. White paper has a tendency to turn brown; blue turns green or a dead, neutral brown. At the Louvre, a lot of drawings have been wrecked by exposure to light—the saddest case I know of. When the paper loses its color, the whole thing doesn't work any more."



Mr. Bean, whose color is excellent, started working in 1946—after a museum course with Paul J. Sachs at the Fogg Art Museum, at Harvard—in the Manhattan gallery of Julien Levy, a dealer who promoted Salvador Dali and Max Ernst here. "In 1947, I went to live in Paris," Mr. B. said. "I taught English briefly at the Ecole du Montcel, did some translation, and started studying at the Louvre. I became *chargé de mission* there in 1957, and worked on Italian drawings, of which the Louvre has the biggest and richest collection in the world—some thirty thousand, making up half of its entire collection of drawings. You can't get a salary at the Louvre unless you're a French citizen, but I got paid for specific cataloguing jobs, and so forth. It was a marvellous experience working in the museum's incomparable collections, opening and studying box after box. As head of the provincial museums of France, the Louvre also commissioned me to catalogue the Italian drawings in the Musée Bonnat, in Bayonne. Eleven Leonardos! Six Michelangelos! Seven Raphaels! Five Peruginos!"

Mr. Bean took us behind the scenes to a great room full of stacks, where he opened box after box containing Bouchers, Delacroix, Veroneses, Bouchardons, Zuccarellis, Burrinis, Correggios, Pordenones, and Pietro da Cortonas, a hundred and sixty of which he had picked up in New York and Paris during the past year. "We can only hope for a sampling," he said. "Thanks to Alfred Stieglitz, we're very strong in early Picasso and early Matisse. Here's a 1905 Picasso. I found this Delacroix—the Sultan of Morocco surrounded by his guard—in Paris last summer, but I had to buy it from a dealer here. We can't show drawings too long, because of the light, but we'll have fifty or sixty recent acquisitions on exhibit in mid-January. In 1963, when our new library wing, which will contain the offices and storeroom of the Drawings Department, is completed, we will be able to exhibit drawings safely, away from harmful daylight. The new wing will include the great Renaissance courtyard, from a sixteenth-century Spanish castle, that was in the old Blumenthal house, on Park Avenue, which was torn down early in the forties; the courtyard has been kept in a tunnel under the Museum all these years. Look at these marvellous Biron Tiepolos! The Marquis must have kept them protected from direct daylight. Did you know that some collectors have dainty Dutch curtains on their drawings and pull them only when they feel that a guest is worthy of seeing what is underneath?"

We thanked him for a capital peep-show.

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GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: La Casa, a restaurant at 9 Chittenden Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, lists on its menu, for eighty cents, Hand Fried Steak.

Longevity

MOST news about atomic energy being on the dark side, we're pleased indeed to present some downright sunny atomic news; to wit, the development of a machine known as the Dynamitron, which is a full-fledged atom smasher (or, in proper nuclear parlance, high-voltage particle accelerator) of a radically compact and economical design—just the ticket for those universities, industrial concerns, and so on that have wanted to acquire but haven't been able to accommodate or afford their very own atom smashers. The Dynamitron is the product of a company in Westbury called Radiation Dynamics, whose president, a nuclear physicist by the name of Kennard H. Morganstern, recently treated us to an instructive seminar.

"Our machine represents a major breakthrough in costs," Dr. Morganstern said, putting on his salesman's hat. "Except for small doses, machine radiation is much cheaper to use than radioactive isotopes, like cobalt 60, which constituted the major source of radiation before machines came into use. The most powerful Dynamitron—there are several models—has an X-ray yield equivalent to a gamma-radiation yield of four hundred and fifty thousand curies of cobalt 60 when its beam is directed at a product. At the going rate, that much cobalt 60 would cost you four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, while the price of the Dynamitron is a mere hundred and twenty thousand."

Gratified at having run up a paper profit of three hundred and thirty thousand dollars without lifting a finger, we asked Dr. Morganstern if he happened to have a Dynamitron on the premises—one that we could look at, if not actually wrap up and take home with us.

The Doctor nodded. "We've sold, or have on order, fourteen Dynamitrons, but we keep one in a concrete shelter out back, to rent to customers at a hundred dollars an hour," he said. "It's a convenient arrangement for people whose irradiation needs are specific and limited—medical suppliers, say, who have something to be sterilized, or engineers with polyethylene-insulated ignition wire to be processed." He thereupon led the way to a sort of fallout shelter, built into the side of a hill, in which we beheld a black cylinder some four feet in diameter and ten feet long, a control panel, and, between the control panel and the cylinder, a thick con-

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Now we can take off the masks!"

• •

crete barrier, around which passed a conveyor belt. "All that concrete keeps the operator of the machine from being irradiated," Dr. Morganstern said. "Working from the control panel, he places the items that are to be irradiated on the conveyor belt, which feeds them into and out of the machine. One beautiful feature of the Dynamitron—a child could run it."

Stationing us well behind the barrier, Dr. Morganstern flicked a couple of dials on the control panel and, as the machine warmed up, explained that the radiation it generates can perform two functions: it can sterilize and purify matter for hygienic or preservative reasons, and, by altering the molecular structure of matter, can invest it with new and desirable properties. "As a mass sterilizer, machine radiation is cheaper than present chemical procedures," he said. "We estimate that the annual loss of wheat in this country through infestation—about three hundred million dollars' worth—could be more or less eliminated by Dynamitrons. Some people hate to think of eating irradiated wheat. Nonsense! The treatment of wheat, or any other food, leaves no radioactive residue. Food preservation by irradiation is a most promising field, especially in countries that lack refrigeration. It increases the shelf life of fresh fruits and vegetables by at least three hundred per cent. Europe is much more sophisticated in respect to irradiated food than we are; the Russians have been enjoying irradiated potatoes for years."

The big market for Dynamitrons is, however, not in potatoes but in industry. The irradiation of such materials as rubber and plastic greatly enhances their stability and durability. "We've been able to forge new molecular links in polyethylene, by which we control its final shape," the Doctor said. "We call this molecular memory. A great potential in the packaging industry! Applying the same principle to human packages would lead to a revolution in the clothing industry. The synthetic fibres now in use help to preserve shape—a trouser crease, for instance—by being less pliant than cotton or wool and, in my opinion, less comfortable. In trousers made of irradiated materials, the crease would be retained through molecular memory—the same forces that bind the atom together."

A red light on the control panel blinked for "ready," and Dr. Morganstern extracted a plump purple orchid from a nearby box and placed it on the conveyor belt, which carried it around the barrier and into the machine. "We're doing research on behalf of an orchid growers' association," the Doctor told us. "An orchid has a notoriously short shelf life—only four or five days. By giving it a fifty-thousand-rad dose, we double its shelf life. A lethal dose for human beings is eight hundred rads. The cost comes to three cents an orchid, and think of the savings in spoilage! Not only that, we found by accident that by upping the dose to a million rads we could turn colored orchids white, but after an hour they die. Maybe with more study we could make them live. White orchids are scarce and bring two dollars apiece more than purple ones. A nice proposition!"

As Dr. Morganstern spoke, the orchid emerged from the machine. It was pure white. Dr. Morganstern beamed.

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OVERHEARD three times on the public-address system in Grand Central, with increasing volume: "Will the person who lost a hearing aid please come to the Information Booth."

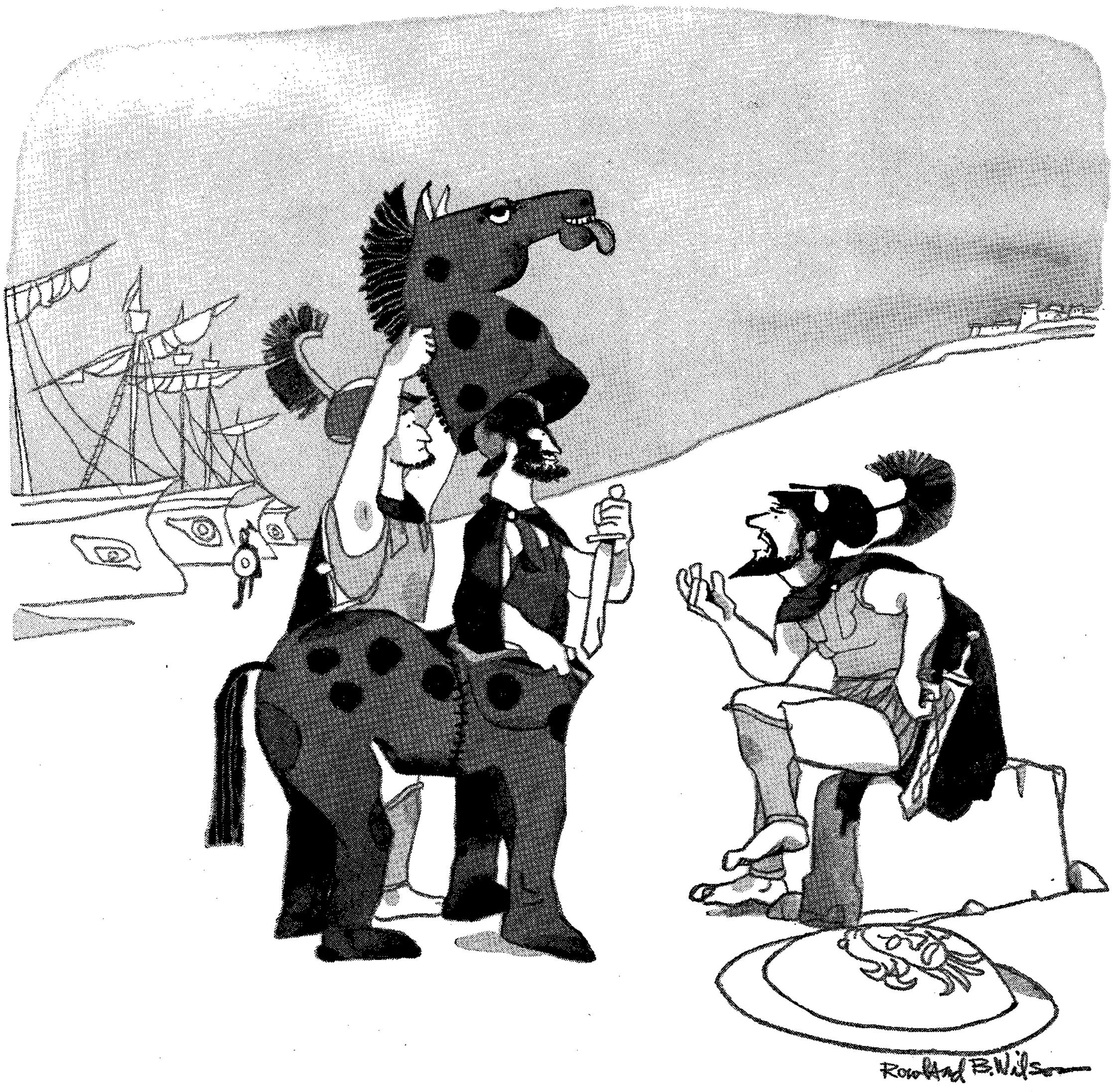
Observer

LIKE all but a handful of people in the world, we never got to know Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian, that shadowy Armenian gentleman whose vast petroleum holdings included five per cent of all the oil in Iraq and who, at the time of his death, six years ago, at the age of eighty-six, was widely regarded as the world's wealthiest private citizen, but we had heard the tales of how abrupt silences descended on international conferences at the sound of his mystery-shrouded name and of how governments fell as he slipped out of faraway capitals. We were therefore pleasantly surprised last week when, having learned that Gulbenkian's only daughter, Mme. Rita Essayan, was in town, we found her amiably willing to have a talk with us. We were even more surprised when we met her, in her suite at the Pierre—a handsome, voluble middle-aged woman with lively dark eyes, high cheekbones, and a forthright manner a hundred and eighty degrees removed from E. Phillips Oppenheim. As we arrived, she laid aside "Art and Argyrol," the biography of Dr. Albert C. Barnes, another multimillionaire, and one who, like her father, accumulated one of the great art collections of his time.

"Father's pictures, which he lent to your National Gallery ten years ago, are all in Lisbon now," Mme. Essayan told us. "They're to be set up in their own museum there. Everything of his, including the paintings, went into the Gulbenkian Foundation, except for the very comfortable amounts that came to my brother, Nubar, and me. We were both brought up in England—Father was a British subject, you know—and Nubar wouldn't think of living anywhere else. He wears a fierce beard, and rides to hounds with an orchid pinned to his hunting jacket. My own son—Father's only grandchild—is a London barrister, and impressively British. He married a Guinness. My husband and I divide our time between Lisbon, where he is a permanent trustee of the Foundation, and our house in Paris. I love to cook, but my chef there won't let me into my own kitchen, so for several years I rented a flat where I could try out recipes and entertain my fellow-members of the Cercle des Gourmettes, of which I'm the vice-president. I just won a case of rum from the Martinique Rum Association for a recipe combining its favorite product with American peach-fed ham. You can get a better Daiquiri in America than anywhere else in the world."

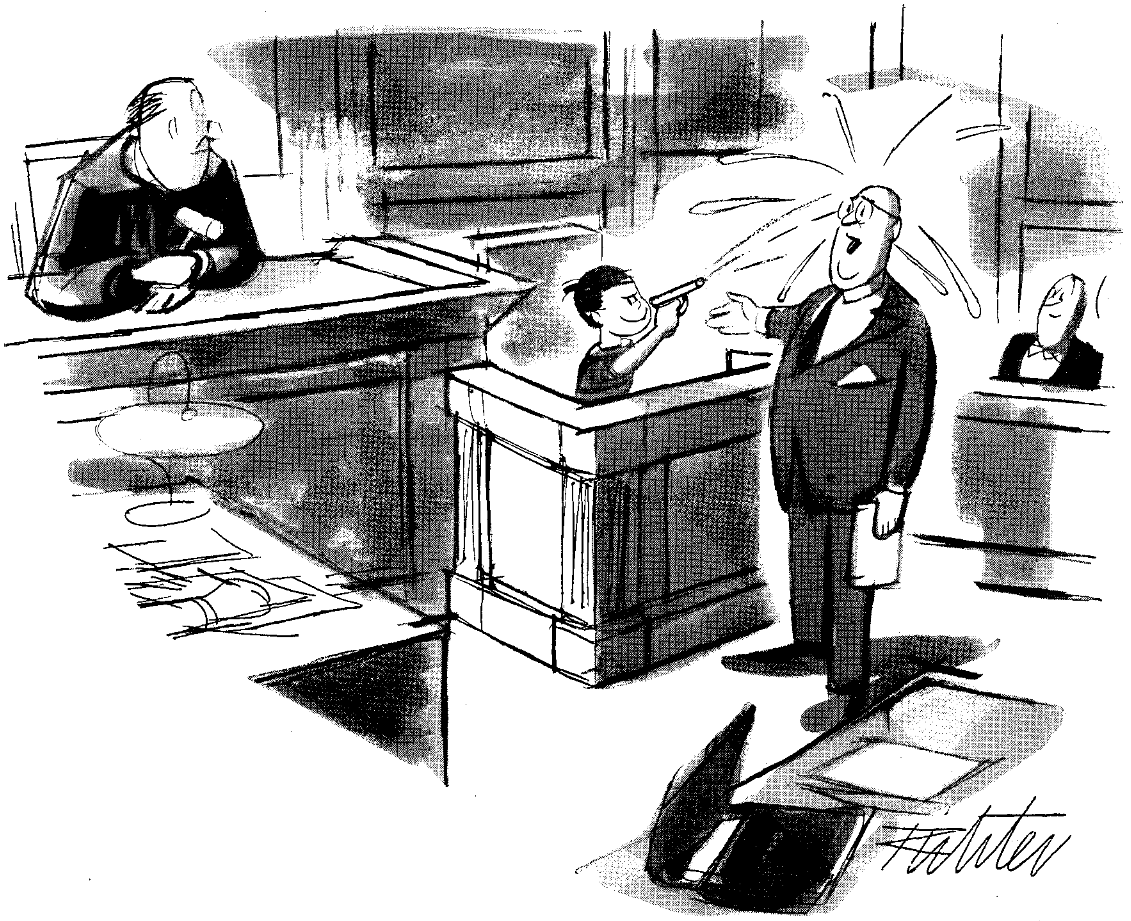
We inquired about her current visit.

"This is my third trip to



"Keep working on it. I like the concept, but it lacks scope."

New York," Mme. Essayan said. "I'm getting to know the city jolly well. Every morning, I hail a taxi and give two numbers out of the blue—say, 'Eighth and Twenty-ninth' or 'First and Ninety-seventh.' When we reach the proper corner, I let the cab go and spend the next couple of hours walking about the neighborhood. Usually, I end up with more questions than answers. For instance, why, after a hard morning's work, do so many Americans eat lunch at those counters without backs to their chairs? Europeans wouldn't put up with it. When *I'm* hungry, I find a good, noisy cafeteria and settle myself in a chair with a back to observe some more. I much prefer this to the usual ladies' luncheon engagements. However, on my last visit, in 1957, I was invited to lunch at the Morgan Bank—just me and about twenty director sorts. I arrived early, so, as usual, I went observing, and I came across a statue of Peter Minuit. Do you know, when I mentioned this to the Morgan people, they didn't even realize the statue was in their neighborhood? Not only that; some of them looked perfectly blank."



"Your Honor, I ask that you declare this witness hostile."

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We asked Mme. Essayan about some of her other observations.

"The most interesting observing I've done in recent years was the four weeks I spent in Red China in May, 1960," she said. "My presence there was ironic, I suppose. Daughter of Mr. Five Per Cent, guilty of all sorts of unearned income, I'm the lowest form of life in the Communist manual. But I thought I ought to see how a third of the world lives. They don't encourage this sort of thing; only about a hundred tourists are allowed in each year. I waited a year for my visa and then was allowed to join eleven other foreigners in a sort of travelling lecture course. Starting at Hong Kong, we went as far south as Canton, then north to Shanghai, as far west as Wuhan, and then north to Peking. Every day began with three-quarters of an hour of indoctrination, to which one paid no attention. I also paid no attention to collective farms and factories; I know nothing of them in any country. However, we visited eight cities and I prowled around them all in my practiced way, and I have to say that, if you can imagine this of Oriental cities, they are marvellously clean; there are no beggars, and the people look thin but also happy. The aura of discipline is frightening. All foreigners are presumed to be Russians, so when we appeared on the streets every pair of hands would move up to applaud us. Keeping things clean and not begging—or even accepting gifts from foreigners—are part of the discipline. I had brought along a supply of sweets. Not the thinnest child in the most distant part of a city would take one. When I craftily left them behind in my hotel room, they would be brought after me to the railway station. After school, you see older children racing around factory yards sorting machine parts. It is child labor, of course. Still, I kept thinking of all the expensive toys I had bought for my grandchildren so they could employ themselves hour after hour fitting blocks into the proper holes. A Chinese child's homework is to teach his illiterate parent or another young adult what he learned that day. One sees no old people left to be taught. I suppose Mao Tse-tung has murdered twenty million people. Yet we mustn't fool ourselves into believing that those left are miserable in their new religion. Indeed, they seem so devout that it is a strain to watch them. It is like being trapped in the catacombs with the early Christians."

Before we left, we asked Mme. Essayan if she had ever extended her observations as far as her father's oil preserve in Iraq.

"In Syria, last summer, I got close to the border and had myself photographed beside the pipeline from Iraq where it crosses a tomb from the period of the Roman Empress Zenobia on its way to the sea," she told us. "It isn't a very good picture, but it reminds me of the Bible's tale of the burning bush, and its being jolly old petrol all the time, and Father's vision of what to do about it. There isn't room for such grand vision today, in a world where everything's done by committees."

Mysterious Mississippi

HEREWITH a letter received from the Greenville, Mississippi, Golf and Country Club by a baffled correspondent of ours:

DEAR MEMBER:

The Club is no longer under New Management.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

FOR A GENTLEMAN OF FORTUNE

An advertisement for a domestic escalator (unused) in the Personal columns of the London *Times* would not in the ordinary way have held my attention. But it happened to coincide with a phase of pondering on the wisest uses of enormous wealth, which in turn had been triggered off by the appearance of the sad face of Mr. J. Paul Getty on my television screen, and seemed, within limits, apt. Unaided, I have never had much success at imagining the kind of luxuries I should buy were I a man of superabundant means. An essentially middle-income and suburban mind cannot lift itself at will out of the rut of bigger and better cars, innumerable shirts, a yacht equipped with quantities of Swedish glass in cabinets behind sliding doors that never stick. Domestic escalators strike me as being in quite a different bracket, with that little extra something that distinguishes one's property from all the others on millionaires' row. Or am I being naïve again? I never enter the houses of people with much above a hundred thousand dollars a year, and it may well be that domestic escalators are a regulation fitting in the residences of the really well-to-do. Mr. Getty perhaps has half a dozen, on which he and his guests pass and repass each other at speeds determined by a gentle pressure on the handrail. Still, I ask myself, are they *carpeted*? There is no suggestion that the apparatus offered in the *Times* advertisement is other than the ordinary bare metallic affair, but one can always go a little further than the man next door, given resolution and the necessary means. "The treads must be upholstered throughout in triple-pile Axminster," I should tell Otis or Westinghouse, or whoever sees to these things. "The carpeting must disappear at the top and come round again, unsoiled, at the bottom—or vice versa, naturally, on downward trips. Don't argue the matter. The difficulties will argue for themselves."

No sooner have I written the words than the old creeping fear of being outdone by reality comes upon me. Is it possible that all this is old hat, that in fact an *un*carpeted escalator in Mr. Getty's home would start a rumor that he was short of cash, and lead to something of a panic on the Stock Exchange? Let me withdraw that card and substitute another in which I have much more confidence.

After Mr. Getty's television appearance and the *Times* advertisement ("any reasonable offer"), it was no surprise to me on picking up a copy of Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne" (that eighteenth-century classic by a snug Hampshire divine) to come at once upon a passage beginning "Should any gentleman of fortune think an echo in his park or outlet a pleasing incident, he might build one at little or no expense. For whenever he had occasion for a new barn, stable, dog-kennel, or the like structure, it would be only needful to erect this building on the gentle declivity of a hill, with a like rising opposite to it, at a few hundred yards distance; and perhaps success might be the easier insured could some canal, lake or stream intervene. From a seat at the *centrum phonicum* he and his friends might amuse themselves sometimes of an evening with the prattle of this loquacious nymph. . . ."

I think we are on to something here. Natural echoes are nothing out of the way and can be met with on the properties of persons of quite moderate means. Some of them have remarkable powers; I have read of a castle near Milan which has (or had) one reputed to echo the report of a pistol sixty times. A built-in echo is an altogether different kettle of fish. A man can be proud of an echo put in to his own specification, even if it be only a simple little thing of the kind envisaged by Gilbert White. And I see no reason why it should be. If I had no more than a third of Mr. Getty's millions, I should aim at something a bit more ambitious in my outlet. One need never be dull after dinner with a private echo that goes one better than the pride of Lombardy. Just let me sit at the *centrum phonicum* on a fine summer evening listening to my cry of "Domestic escalators!" come back to me sixty-one times and I believe I should feel that the struggle had not been entirely in vain. "Would you mind," my friends would surely say as the clamor at last died down, "letting me have the address of your echo man?" These are the moments that taste sweetest on a palate jaded by caviar and big killings on the market.

"Domestic escalators" is not, I ought perhaps to warn gentlemen of fortune, a well-chosen phrase for echo work. It came into my mind at random, and is a shade too iambic for good results. Quick dactyls, Gilbert White observes after experiment with a Selborne echo (public, as I read it), succeed best, such a line as "*Tityre, tu patulae recubans* . . ." giving a far more satisfactory answer than the "slow, heavy, embarrassed spondees" of "*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens.* . . ." Millionaires whose Virgil is rusty may not care to

"Give me one good reason why you shouldn't be happy."

IL CHA-CHA DELL'AMOR
STEINBERG

• •

arouse the loquacious nymph with hexameters, but the general principle is one they may like to keep in mind. A shout of "Sears, Roebuck is down one-sixteenth!," for instance, could well disappoint the listening tycoons, whereas some such lilting phrase as "Bethlehem Steel and Kennecott Copper are rocketing up to the skies," though inaccurate, should come back prettily enough.

ANYONE who has ever opened the "Natural History" will agree that it is difficult, once launched, to avoid turning the pages to see what happens next. Not that there is any "story"—far from it. The book consists of a series of letters written to two friends, and part of its charm lies in its extraordinary diversity. The author had a catholic curiosity. The statement that worms are "much addicted to venery," in Letter XXXV, leads one insensibly on to leprosy and oysters in Letter XXXVII. So I take no personal credit for discovering, some fifteen pages after the Reverend White's timely hint about echoes (Letter XXXVIII), the following stimulant in Letter XLIV:

> Gentlemen who have outlets might contrive to make ornament subservient to utility; a pleasing eye-trap might also contribute to promote science: an obelisk in a garden or park might be both an embellishment and an heliotrope.
>
> Any person that is curious, and enjoys the advantage of a good horizon, might, with little trouble, make two heliotropes; the one for the winter, the other for the summer solstice: and these two erections might be constructed with very little expense; for two pieces of timber framework, about ten or twelve feet high, and four feet broad at the base, and close lined with plank, would answer the purpose.

I suppose you might search Texas from end to end and fail to find a millionaire with both a summer and a winter heliotrope on his estate; in all the world I doubt whether there is a single man who possesses these two embellishments *and* a custom-built echo. Texans, for all I know, may think that a heliotrope is merely a flower and not, as it seems to have been in Gilbert White's day, a construction for promoting science by observing the southwesterly and northwesterly limits of the setting sun. Here, then, is scope for means and imagination, for individuality without ostentation. For observe that the visible apparatus, as White is at pains to state, is by no means expensive. A dog kennel here, a timber framework there, and the thing is done. It is the setting that puts these luxuries beyond the reach of the ordinary man. For your echo you must have two hills of a gentle declivity some few hundred yards apart, with your kennels and barns suitably disposed about them to promote reverberation, and a canal or lake between. But your heliotropes demand a good natural horizon, since no man can observe the extreme westering of the sun if some hillock intervenes. Thus your declivities, as I deduce, must face north and south, leaving a level plain to westward for the heliotropes. A further complication arises in the siting of the mansion itself to command the winter heliotrope. "The erection for the former," Gilbert White well says (referring to the heliotrope, rather than the mansion), "should, if possible, be placed within sight of some window in the common sitting parlour; because men, at that dead season of the year, are usually within doors at the close of the day." This is certainly a valid point, if the winter heliotrope is to be relished to the full.

Of the summer heliotrope our authority merely says that it "might be fixed for any given spot in the garden or outlet: whence the owner might contemplate, in a fine summer's evening, the utmost extent that the sun makes to the northward at the season of the longest days. Now nothing would be necessary but to place these two objects with so much exactness, that the westerly limb of the sun, at setting, might but just clear the winter heliotrope to the west of it on the shortest day; and that the whole disc of the sun, at the longest day, might exactly at setting also clear the summer heliotrope to the north of it." Something else, in fact, *will* be necessary, as millionaires who have followed me attentively will already have realized, if we are to achieve the highest degree of delight from our combination of heliotropes with echo—a synthesis, by the way, that Gilbert White, for all his imaginative genius, does not seem to have envisaged. We shall certainly require that the summer heliotrope be sited at the *centrum phonicum.* Only thus will our Midsummer Day guests have the felicity of hearing their exclamations of astonishment at the apparition of the solstice echoed and reëchoed on the soft evening air before they make their uphill way—by escalator? by an *outdoor carpeted* escalator?—back to the common sitting parlor.

This, I think it will be agreed, is no ordinary outlet, no gimcrack contrivance unworthy of a man of substance. A lake faultily sited, a single dog kennel out of line, and all falls to the ground. A man might keep his mind healthily occupied for years, and run, I daresay, through twenty or thirty millions before he had the thing working to perfection. And what deep-seated satisfaction when it was done! What are a dozen swimming pools or a hundred domestic escalators against a setup like this?

Virgil claims that echoes are injurious to bees. Gilbert White denies it, arguing that bees are in no way capable of being affected by sounds. "I have often," he writes in Letter XXXVIII, "tried my own with a large speaking-trumpet held close to their hives, and with such an exertion of voice as would have hailed a ship at the distance of a mile, and still these insects pursued their various employments undisturbed, and without showing the least sensibility or resentment." The word "often" so casually slipped in here well displays the true naturalist's tenacity of purpose and disregard of what the neighbors may be thinking, but as a test of the toxicity of echoes the procedure falls short of conviction. I suggest, without wishing to overrefine on the pleasures available to the rich, that owners of private echoes might gain an added diversion from noting their effect on the bee—particularly perhaps during the *longueurs* of the off-seasons when no solstice presents itself for observation. The hives should be set at or near the *centrum phonicum* and should be observed from afar, perhaps from some window in the sitting parlor, in case the bees should be found to show sensibility. A guest or expendable gardener would no doubt be willing to set the echoes flying; nor need the experimenter's distance from the insects preclude accuracy of observation. Any gentleman of fortune could, with little trouble or expense, provide himself with an apiscope.

—H. F. Ellis

THE ARGUMENT ABOUT THE DECORATION OF THE PUNCH TABLE

He:

Good heavens, woman! Crystal,
Ice-crystal, and ice-blue
At this time of the year!
Frosty silver, too,
A cloth like Arctic snows,
And that monstrous icicle,
That stalactite chandelier!
Why, it's the Snow King's house!
No one will venture here
But explorers and Eskimos,
And they will freeze to the soul;
Blizzards will swirl and howl
Through all the rooms, the table
Will glare like the North Pole.

Don't go to the other extreme:
I won't have a tropic isle,
All frond and fern and vine,
Bunched bananas and grapes
Glimmering in musky gloom.
Bangled women will slink
Like cannibals everywhere;
The men will turn into apes
Swinging from bough to bough,
And chase them through every room;
Or else the lot will sink
Into a languid, slow,
Lotus-Eater's dream
And never want to go home.
We've asked them in for a drink;
Do you want them to winter here?

Trim it with balsam and pine
That speak of winters withstood;
Leaves, and the winter berry
That can light up a dark wood;
All, say, in the design
Of a hunter's lean-to, good
For an hour's relief from the storm,
An hour for friends to be warm
And so be friendly and merry,
An hour when the wind cannot find them.
Yes—leaves, boughs, then
Silver enough to remind them
Of all that silver outside,
Of the cold they have braved and beaten.
Let them go—
Having drunk, having eaten—
Braced to brave it again.

She:

No.

—Elder Olson

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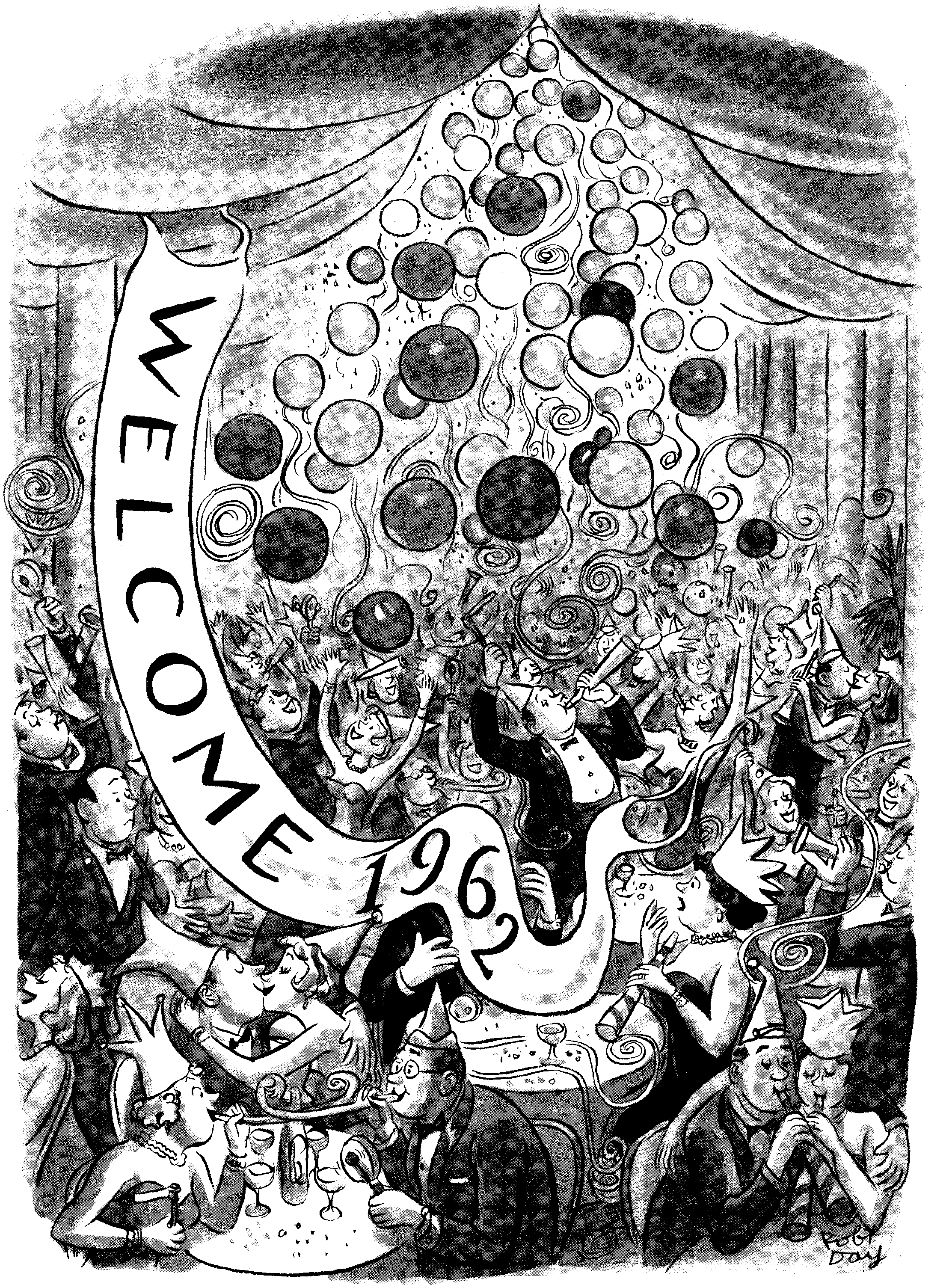

WELCOME 1962
Robt Day

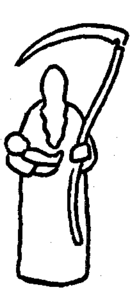
"Oh dear! It's going to be one of those years!"

THE NIGHTINGALE

IT was clear enough that Annie Flood had been invited to Joan Tierney's birthday party only to keep Joan's younger sister, Susan, company. Annie and Susan were both in second grade, though they were not close friends, but Sheila Flood was Joan Tierney's best friend, and she was very cross—with Mrs. Tierney for having extended the extra invitation; with her own mother, who had said, the last thing before they set off, "Be sure and look after her, Sheila. See that she has some fun;" and above all with her little sister, whose expectation of the affair was like a flame that had been touched to Sheila's own hopes, reducing them to a fine ash of apprehension.

But once they were speeding through the cold, gray afternoon—Sheila with a regulated stride, as though she were counting the steps, Annie advancing breathlessly behind her—Sheila tried to set things straight. "Remember," she said. "Don't hang around me all afternoon. You play with Susan."

Annie didn't answer; she had too much on her mind. For one thing, the wide satin bow on the right side of her head was taking the wind like a sail, and for another she was wearing her first pair of silk stockings, which were a size too large and apricot-colored but seemed in some way to fortify her against the deadliest of Sheila's comments. "They're nylon," Sheila had said earlier, as she watched Annie draw on the stockings, folding the toes under before she slid her feet into her shoes, "so quit calling them silk. Everyone will think you're crazy—if they don't already know it." Sheila was almost twelve.



Whatever they were—silk or nylon—the stockings turned out to be slippery and not as secure under Annie's rolled garters as cotton was. Several times along the way she had to stop and hitch them up higher, hopping first on one leg and tugging, then hopping and tugging at the other, and at each stop, instead of slowing down, Sheila seemed to step up her pace.

"Wait up," Annie called at last, bending over again.

"I won't," Sheila said over her shoulder. "We're late enough." They were at the top of the Tierneys' street, and this time Sheila made such headway that Annie was driven into a real run to catch up, making the stockings slide again, with the result that when they reached the Tierneys' first-floor apartment and Mrs. Tierney opened the front door, Annie stood there, pulling at her garters, with her skirt lifted above her knees.

"Sheila!" Mrs. Tierney cried. "We'd just about given up on you! The games have started." She wore a black suit and a black velvet pillbox hat, but the bracelets at her wrists, her small earclips, and a starfish pin on the collar of her suit were giving off sharp gold glimmers that lent the dark clothes a kind of brilliance. "Sweetheart," she said, resting her hand for a moment on Annie's head. "You look gorgeous."

Annie looked up and smiled. "I have silk stockings on," she said.

BETWEEN the Tierneys and her own family there were certain distinctions that troubled Annie. The Tierneys lived in an apartment, which was not as good as living in a house. However, when Mrs. Tierney brought them into the living room, Annie had to admit to herself that it was very beautiful. The chairs were cream-colored, with a pattern of magnificent pink flowers whose leaves and petals splashed so furiously into one another that it seemed to Annie as if after no amount of study would she have been able to determine where one flower ended and another began, or from what stem any particular leaf sprang. On one wall hung a large mirror, and on the wall opposite was a painting of a forest of tall, slender trees that, reflected across in the mirror, but not filling it, became there another, smaller forest. Under the mirror was an immense sofa, and under the painting stood the baby-grand piano, which was, of all things, brown. The carpet (a blindfolded girl now stood in the center of it) was the very palest soft beige.

Annie's family occupied two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a bathroom on the top floor of Mr. Flood's mother's house; therefore it could and it couldn't be said that they lived in a house. Still, neither was it a proper apartment, for there was no main hallway—one room opened headlong into the next—and besides, they had no living room. They were not so much cramped as very close. Annie became conscious of this situation when she visited people like the Tierneys, or when listening to her mother talk with some friend she heard her say, "We don't have any place to bring people—any place of our own, I mean." They were allowed to make use of old Mrs. Flood's living room, but they seldom did, since she herself was almost always there. For Annie and Sheila it was the place where, with their grandmother sometimes dozing on the dusty sofa, sometimes studying the death notices in the New York *Times*, or even, sometimes, listening, they practiced their piano lessons. It was also the place to which their mother withdrew each evening to keep old Mrs. Flood company. Annie would often go along to sit in the living room reading or sleepily studying the neat, geometric pattern of the Oriental rug, while her mother knitted and her grandmother told, time and again, the same stories.

As she stood now on the outskirts of the party, some of the big girls waved and called out to Annie.

"Is that little Annie?" The blindfolded girl lifted the white handkerchief up over one eye, and the room rocked with protests.

"We'd better buzz off, Annie," Mrs. Tierney said.

Was it to be hide-and-seek, Annie wondered. Or a treasure hunt? And then, for the first time, she noticed that Susan Tierney was missing from the group.

Mrs. Tierney gently turned her around. "You and Susan are partying in her room."

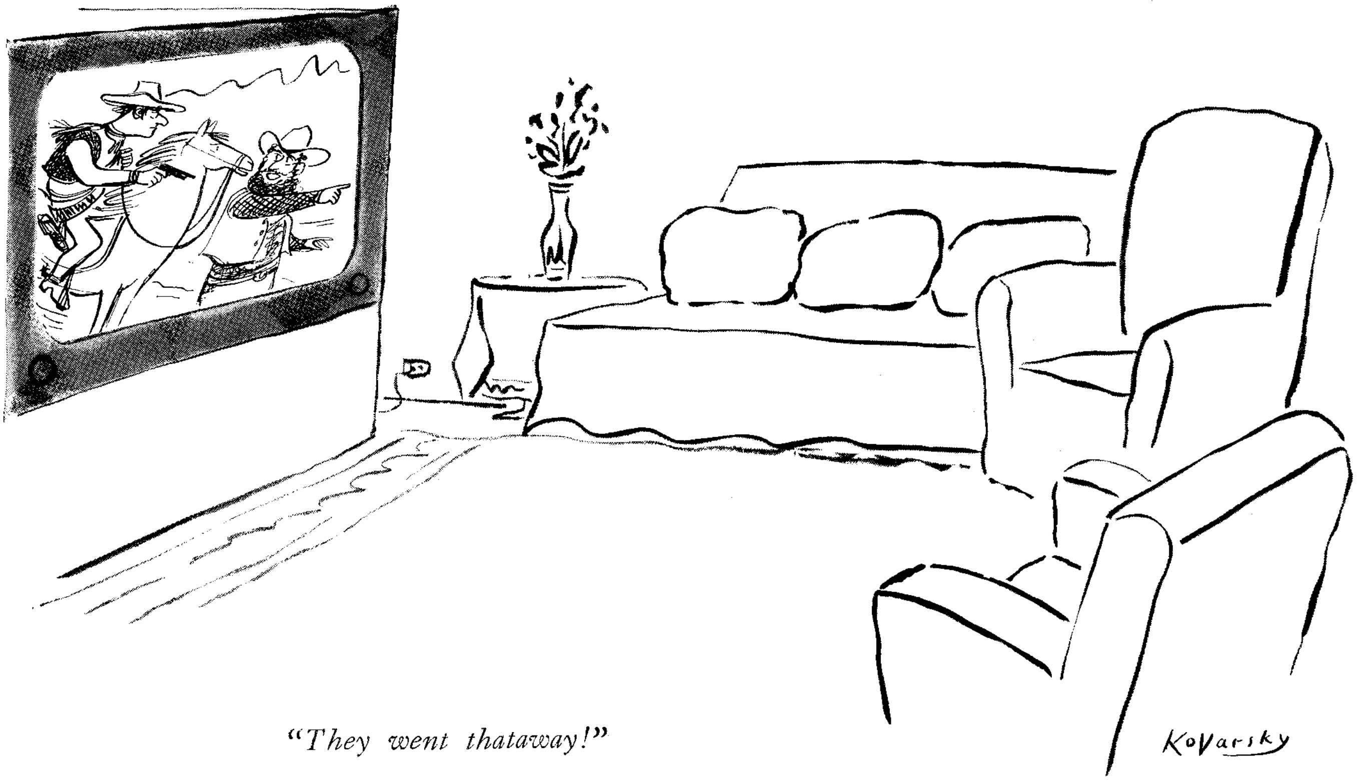
A card table had been set up in Susan's room and spread with a paper tablecloth on which were two pink paper plates, two frilled pink baskets full of candy and nuts, two pink paper napkins, and two pink snappers. Susan herself was wearing her white organdie First Communion dress and sitting on the edge of her bed. Her long, pale hair, usually bound in a single plait, was brushed out now and held behind her ears by a blue velvet ribbon. It looked thick and wiry that way.

"What should we do?" she asked when her mother left.

Annie lifted her shoulders and said, "I don't care."

"I'll show you something." Susan went to her closet and brought out a dark-green plaid coat with leggings to match. "It's Scotch plaid," she said. "Made in Scotland."

Breathing in the smell of newness, Annie said with real envy, "It's pretty." Most of her clothes were handed down from Sheila, and when she did have something brand-new it was the *twin* to something of Sheila's, so that after she had worn out her own outfit she had the prospect of wearing out another just like it, which was the case with the dress she had on. It was wine velvet with a lace collar, and it seemed very drab



"They went thataway!"

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and at the same time very conspicuous.

"My mother bought it in Best & Co.," Susan said. She put the coat back in the closet and then took up her position on the edge of the bed, looking over at Annie, waiting, it seemed.

"I have silk stockings on," Annie said.

Susan glanced down. "How do they feel?" she asked.

"Just like the others," Annie said, "except they slide." She bent over to give another pull, almost gasped—for just at the buckle of her patent-leather shoe, peach against the apricot, was the start of a run—then looked up quickly, but Susan's attention had been diverted and, suddenly, so was Annie's. Outside in the living room someone was playing "Anchors Aweigh." After several bars the music stopped abruptly. There were screams and then a few more chords.

"Musical chairs," Susan said.

"Let's play."

Quickly Annie dragged a chair into the center of the room, and when the music started up they began to stalk each other—Susan bright, Annie the dark one—but the piano had entered into a long, uninterrupted passage, meant to put the players off their guard. They walked and walked. They began to relax. The song stopped and Annie lurched onto the chair, knocking Susan to the floor. She landed sitting, staring up at Annie, but after only a minute she stood up without any cry at all, and brushed at the rumpled skirt of her Communion dress. "I don't feel like playing that," she said. The bold, lively march started up again, and she returned to the bed. "What should we do now?" she asked.

Casting a careful glance around the room, Annie hit on the laden card table. "Should we pull the snappers?"

They pulled them, jumping back, then extracted the tissue-paper crowns, unfolded them, and set them on their heads. They sorted the contents of the paper baskets into neat mounds of nuts, mints, and gumdrops, ate the gumdrops, and then returned the rest. Out in the living room shouts were rising, crisp and sheer like jets of water.

"Are you seven or eight?" Susan asked suddenly.

"Seven," said Annie.

"When will you be eight?"

"June."

"I'm eight," Susan said. "I'll be nine on the seventeenth of July."

They drifted back to their original places, as though these had been assigned, like their desks at school, and were not to be altered. Never before had they been at such close quarters, especially not at school, for there the alphabet and their size (Susan was tall) had always kept them at a distance, and now the single bond between them—that neither belonged with the real party—being inadmissible, was setting them further apart than ever. Leaning back, so that her body lay flat while her legs still touched the ground, Susan said, "What should we do now?"

An extreme discomfort, as of prickling wool or clothes that were too tight, began to take possession of Annie, and for no reason at all she became aware again of the run in her stocking. She looked down and saw it opened there like a new and painful scar. Helpless, hopeful, she said, "Should we play actresses and actors?"

Susan appeared to weigh that suggestion against others of her own, and then, as though it were out of courtesy alone that she rejected this swarm of ideas, said, "All right. I'm first."

They fired volley after volley of initials at each other, until Annie could not guess who M.B. was. She tried again and again, and when she finally gave up, Susan said, "Marlene Bietrich."

"That's M.D.!" Annie cried. "Dietrich."

"It is not."

"It is."

"How are my little bunny rabbits?" With the timing of thunder and lightning, Mrs. Tierney's voice preceded her appearance in the doorway, and the air was freighted with a rich, disturbing fragrance, a turbulent jingling. She came in with a tray of food. "Are you having a ball?" She still wore her pillbox hat. Annie wondered whether she was coming or going.

Mrs. Tierney raised other questions in her mind. She was a widow, who went to business, and it seemed to Annie that on account of this the Tierney girls should have looked like poor children. However, the opposite was

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true. Everyone in the second grade knew that Susan had a large, regular allowance. Whereas Annie—who had a father, and whose family lived in a house, if only in part of it—had no allowance at all and was aware, besides, that if her mother should say when they were out shopping together, "How about a soda, Annie?" or "Would you like a new coloring book?" she must refuse. She knew that they always had just enough money, that there was seldom anything for extras. But she also knew that she came from a good family, and although she was not sure why, she felt that this had something to do with appearances—the fact that Mrs. Tierney wore dark, stylish clothes and heavy perfume, heavy lipstick, heavy bracelets and rings, while Annie's mother wore dresses that were light and pretty, like herself, and smelled not only of perfume but of something softer and more satisfying as well.

Susan Tierney opened up all her sandwiches and then ate only the sides where the filling was. "Do you want my extra bread?" she asked. "I never eat it."

"No, thank you," Annie said. She had enough bread to deal with. The sandwiches were dry, and filled with some kind of thin paste that wasn't spread out to the edge. Sometimes the Tierneys had bacon and eggs for dinner; Annie had heard Susan say so. Susan could have Coca-Cola whenever she liked, and in her lunchbox at school there was always a candy bar or a box of crackers for dessert. Mrs. Tierney never seemed to bake cakes. Lifting her paper cup by its fragile, winged handle, Annie took a drink of Coca-Cola, but she swallowed it too fast and the bubbles rose again in her throat, bursting like silent firecrackers behind her eyes and nose. Would the birthday cake be from a bakery, she wondered, and as she wondered—*because* she had, it seemed—there was singing outside in the living room. "Happy Birth-day to you. . . ."

Annie and Susan looked across at each other; then, almost together, each looked away. Shortly after this, Mrs. Tierney returned with two plates of cake. "Here you go, babies," she said. "Dig in."

The icing was stiff and hard as candy, and the cake itself was yellow and firm, with a rich fruit filling. Bakery, Annie thought, as she toppled it over.

They ate their cake thoughtfully, and when they were almost finished, a great burst of laughter rose from the party and dashed over them. Susan looked around the back of her chair; Annie pushed the last bit of cake into her mouth and said, "Should we see what they're doing?"

Allied at last, they made their way toward the living room. Pushing each other, pressing against the wall, laughing, they reached the doorway and were almost in full view when two big girls who were seated at the piano began to play. They had walked out into the amateur show!

Annie studied the piano, but she much preferred singing. Her best numbers were ballads like "We'll Gather Lilacs" or "I'll See You Again," which she would give out so earnestly that the whole extravagant cycle of romantic adventure—longing and loss, meetings and partings, delight and disappointment—seemed to have come straight from her own life. In point of fact, it was almost true to say that it came from her mother's, for they were the sort of songs that were, or had been, Mrs. Flood's favorites, and she was in the habit of leaving the music on the piano, in the hope that with such an end in sight Annie and Sheila might tunnel harder through their scales and arpeggios. Sheila had never more than picked out the tunes. Annie only learned to sing them. Her voice was not beautiful, nor even particularly sweet, but her ear was almost perfect and she sang so violently, with such strong and terrible feeling, that her songs would bring tears to her own eyes. It was a moment now before she realized that the two girls were playing "Loch Lomond." Their rhythm was uneven and their pedalling, too, but Annie knew the song well, and as they bumped along she could hear how she would have sung it. The notes began to stir inside her, rising and spreading out, filling her whole body with music and sadness. She walked by a river. There were willow trees along the bank and occasional yellow flowers pushing up through the grass. Ahead of her on a high hill was an overgrown footpath that could be seen from where she was, but only with difficulty. She had just begun to distinguish it, and the figure moving slowly up the hump of the hill, when the music ended. The applause was shocking, like slaps, and at that moment she saw Sheila across the room.

"You two monkeys!" cried Mrs. Tierney. "Now that you're here, *you'll* have to do your stuff." Her heavy voice was so amused, beneath the pillbox hat her eyes were so amiable, her great smile so indulgent, that it seemed to Annie as if she and Susan had done something remarkable. "What's it going to be?" Mrs. Tierney demanded. "Come on!"

Susan began to laugh, and Mrs. Tierney challenged them again. "Confess!"

Annie was tingling with nervousness. Nothing and no one in that room seemed safe to look at, and so she turned instead toward the window, where, across the courtyard, she saw the lighted windows of other apartments. It was dark early now. It was winter. She looked down at her winter dress, and she saw, below that, her vivid legs—the silk stockings! She was wearing silk stockings! "I can sing," she said.

Sheila glared at her across the room.

"Can you!" Mrs. Tierney cried.

"Yes," Annie said.

"And what will you sing?"

There was a stack of sheet music on the piano, and Annie asked if she might look through it.

"Go right ahead," said Mrs. Tierney. She went over to the piano bench

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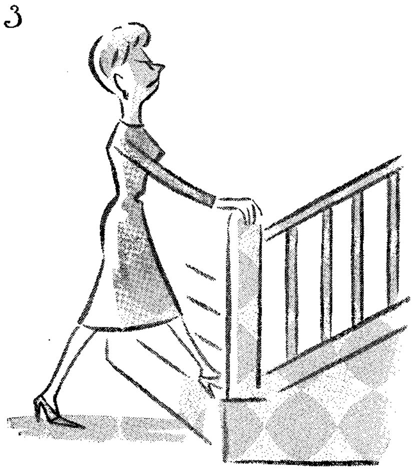

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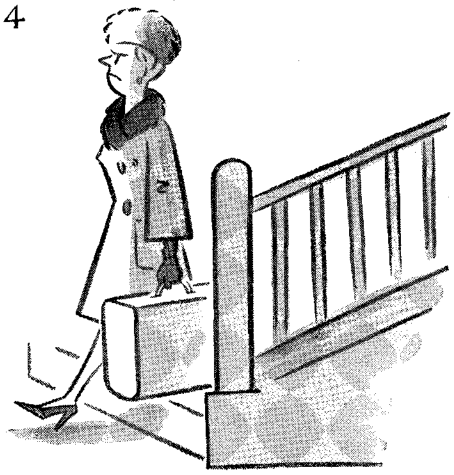

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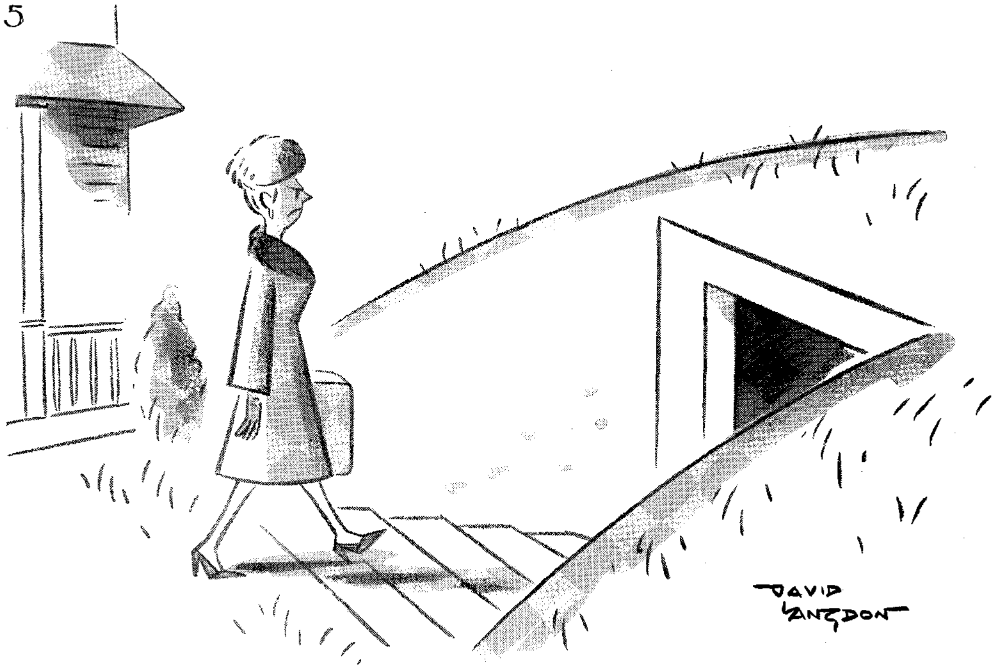

and sat down. "But just don't pick anything too hard. I'm not Victor Borge."

Halfway through the stack of songs Annie found one with a picture of Lanny Ross in the corner and a large staff with birds in place of notes. "I could sing this," she said. It was "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square." It was by no means easy.

Mrs. Tierney spread the glossy, note-flecked pages before her and, after a couple of false starts, struck the first chords of the introduction; then, as her bracelets knocked the keyboard and her long, lacquered nails clicked against the keys, she picked up a little speed and fell into the rhythm of the music.

She *wasn't* very good, Annie thought as she stepped forward and, as though to steady the jumping notes, put her hand on the curved arm at the end of the keyboard. She wasn't much better than the girls. Standing there, waiting, she felt the lightness of her legs—like no legs at all—in the thin stockings; she felt, on her head, the great satin bow that had wilted; she felt the darkness of her dress, the tiny hole in the back of its Carrickmacross collar, the ridge at the hem where it had been let down. Then Mrs. Tierney called to her. "Here you go! Now!"

Annie sang.

"That cer-tain night, the night we met,
There was mag-ic a-broad in the air . . ."

Once she was started she hardly heard the false notes in Mrs. Tierney's accompaniment. She sang to the dark night that had dropped down, and to the bright windows that were living rooms.

"There were an-gels din-ing at the Ritz
And a night-in-gale sang in Ber-k'ley Square."

She sang to winter and to coldness. Two deep lines appeared between her eyebrows. She sang to herself.

When the song was finished there was applause, and she looked over at Sheila. They were not disgraced. She had been a success.

"You're a brave little monkey," Mrs. Tierney said, clapping too, so that her bracelets jumped and dangled. "How about another?"

Annie was perfectly willing. She opened her mouth to say so, but Sheila stood up and said hastily, "We have to go."

"Not yet," Mrs. Tierney said. "You can't! It's only half past four!"

"We have to," Sheila insisted. "My father likes to eat supper early."

Annie said nothing. Their father would not be home before quarter to seven. He never was. Didn't she watch for him every night from his bedroom window? Didn't she greet him every night at the top of the stairs?

THE gray afternoon had become a brilliant, black evening. There was no wind, but as Sheila and Annie stepped from the heated building the air that touched them was cold and sharp, and after they had walked only a short way their ears were stinging, their fingers and toes were stiff and sore, their chests hurt. Sheila began to walk faster, then faster still, and finally so fast that Annie had to run hard to keep near her.

"Wait up!" she shouted. "Wait *up!*"

Sheila ignored her.

"If you don't wait up," Annie cried, breathing hard, "I'm never going to walk with you again."

"Good!" Sheila called out.

With what seemed like the last of her strength, Annie caught up with Sheila and kicked her sharply in the ankle.

Sheila spun around. "You little animal! I'm going to tell Mother you did that."

"Tell her, then," said Annie. "Go on and tell her! I'll tell her you left me alone when you were supposed to take care of me!" She aimed each word as though it were a needle she was sticking into her sister, but they both knew that the threat was pointless. It had been clear enough that she was only invited to play with Susan Tierney; she should have left the other girls alone. Tears burned in Annie's eyes—from the cold, she said to herself. It was bitter cold. And she was wearing silk stockings. They weren't nearly warm enough for a day like this.

They went the rest of the way silently, hurrying, and when they reached Beech Avenue, where they lived, they raced together down the sloping street, up the steep front steps of their house. Inside, they shut the door gently behind them. They were careful children; they lived over, and under, an old woman. Softly, they went through their grandmother's porch and on to her living room, where one dim lamp burned beside the piano that was dumb now, dark and shapeless as a shadow. They looked in to say hello to old Mrs. Flood, but she lay on the dusty sofa, snoring, with the New York *Times* opened out across her chest, and so they went up to their own rooms, where the air was warmer and had a faint, sweet smell of cooking. Their mother met them at the kitchen door.

"How was the party?" she asked.

"All right," Sheila said. She ran off without another word.

"What about you?" Mrs. Flood turned to Annie, who had come into the kitchen and stood clumsily unbuttoning her coat. She could never do things properly when she was unhappy. Seeing the struggle, and knowing what it meant, Mrs. Flood went over to her. "Did *you* have a nice time?" she asked, and began gently slipping the buttons, one after another, through their holes.

Images swirled like snow inside Annie's head. She leaned against her mother, waiting for some single memory to separate itself; then after a moment she said in a low voice, "I sang a song."

"*Did* you!"

"I did."

"What did you sing?"

"'A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square.'"

"You do that one very well," her mother said. "I bet they loved it."

"I don't know," Annie said, but that was not true enough. She had to add, "They clapped."

"It must have been wonderful." Mrs. Flood unfastened the drooping ribbon and began to stroke Annie's head.

"But Sheila didn't clap."

"She couldn't have," Mrs. Flood said. "It wouldn't have looked right."

"Why not?"

"She had to be modest."

Annie looked out on the printed skirt of her mother's apron. As the pieces of that Paisley landscape fitted together, reasonably yet unaccountably, so the remembrance of the party, with all its ambiguities, its mistakes, and its disappointments, suddenly seemed to take on a kind of order, to bloom so freshly that she almost wished she were back there. The room had been very bright. There had been such noise. Then she remembered the other thing, and, unable to hold it back, she said, "I got a run in my silk stocking."

"Oh, dear! Where? Show me."

Annie held out her leg. "By the buckle," she said.

Mrs. Flood bent over and kissed the top of Annie's head. "That's a shame," she said, "but don't worry. It's not a very big one. I think we can fix it."

"How?" Annie stood straight away from her mother, looking up. The planes of her face were flat, the features very lightly raised and frosted with pale freckles. There was no telling what she would become, what would become of her.

"We'll sew it up so that it doesn't show at all," Mrs. Flood said. "Or hardly, anyway. Hardly at all."

Annie let her coat be taken off, then *she* ran off—but not far away. No place there was far from another.

A few minutes later, as Mrs. Flood was setting the table, she was stopped, reaching over to lay a plate, by the sound that burst from the next room. Stopped there, surprised, she had to wait a bit before she went on, as though her own breath had been taken and spent in that stunning sound.

It was Annie singing.

—ELIZABETH CULLINAN

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MINOR PROBLEMS BESET ISLAND SEWING GROUP

[*From the Edgartown (Mass.) Vineyard Gazette*]

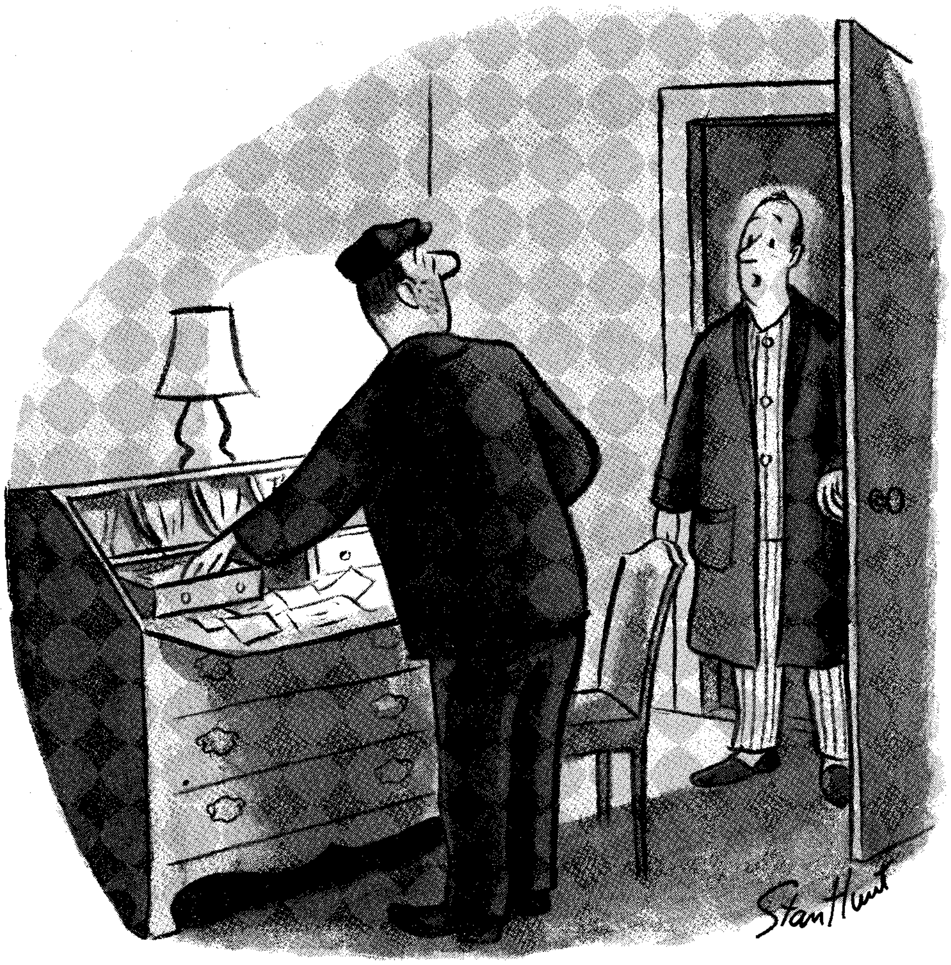
Tuesday, Nov. 7, was our third meeting. We elected officers, after voting not to let one person have two successive terms in one office. The officers are president, Lorraine Averill; vice president, Rebecca Bettencourt; secretary, Virginia Mills; treasurer, Madeline Fisher; news reporter, me. Virginia opened the meeting as outgoing president, but during the voting Mrs. Erickson relieved her of her job. Lorraine adjourned the meeting.

We ate refreshments of apples and bananas.

We started to work on some flowers in embroidery. There are a few small problems though. 1. The needles may be too thick. 2. The flowers may be too small. 3. The thread may be too thick. 4. We may be doing something wrong.

We didn't have any recreation, unless you can call getting to the meeting recreation.

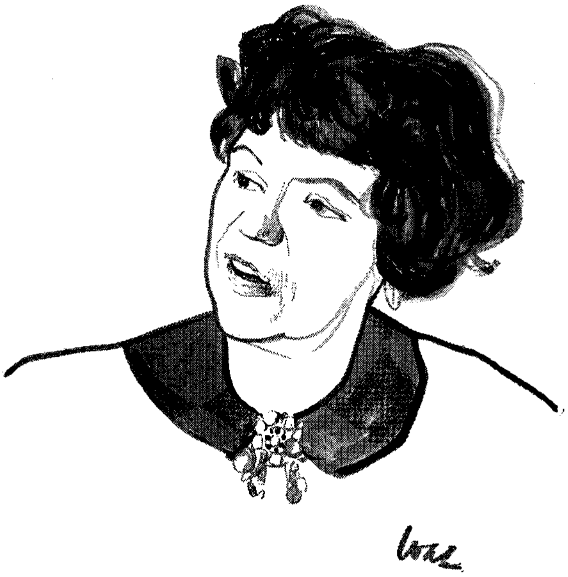
Janet Erickson, news reporter.



"There's nothing anywhere. I've looked."

PROFILES

IT'S ALL ANTHROPOLOGY



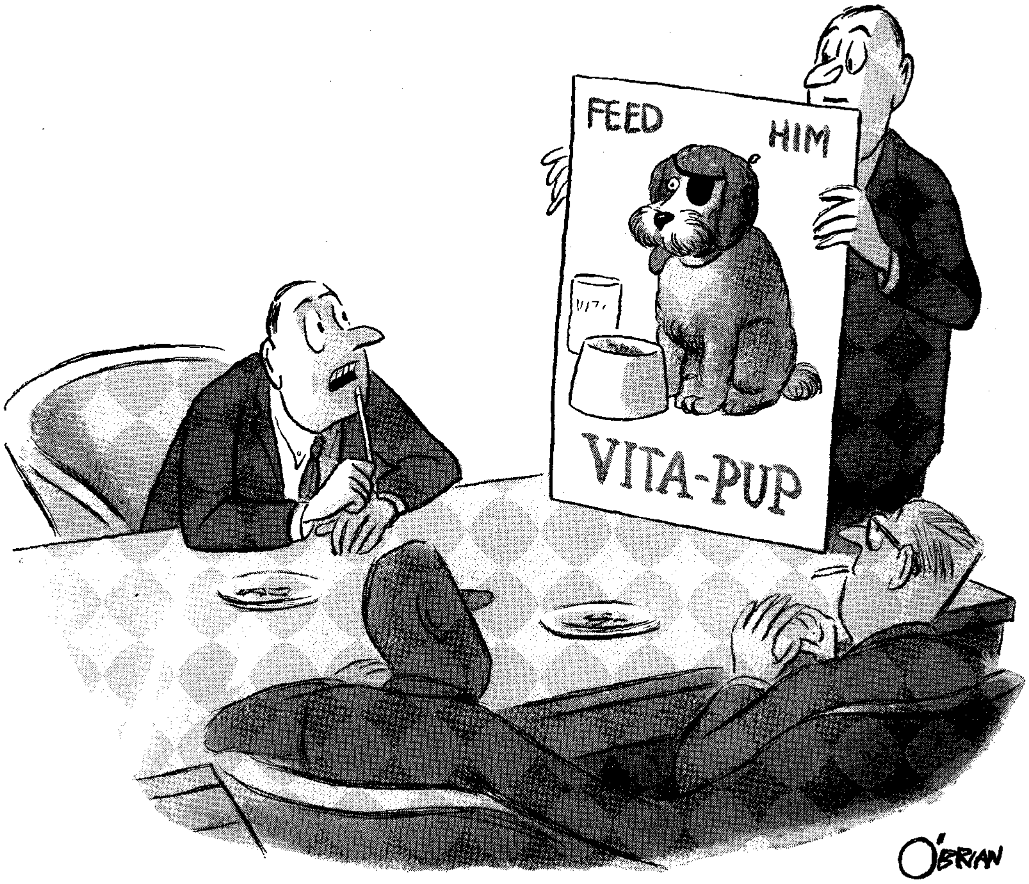
Margaret Mead

IN 1928, a precocious, attractive, rather fragile-looking twenty-six-year-old female anthropologist named Margaret Mead published a book called "Coming of Age in Samoa," which set several records for a work of its type. For one thing, it became a popular best-seller. (Indeed, it has been reprinted at least twelve times, in various editions, over the past thirty-three years, and is still in print as a paperback.) For another, it was entirely unlike most other anthropological books in that it was not dull reading, having been written in plain, enthusiastic English. For still another, it was more than a mere presentation of data about sexual customs and family organization in a notably easygoing and likable South Sea society, for it related its conclusions to analogous phenomena in contemporary America, and pointed out that Americans might learn something to their profit by studying the more relaxed and less frustrating attitudes of adolescent Samoan girls. Some of the remarkable popularity of "Coming of Age in Samoa" undoubtedly arose from the fact that it dealt frankly with the important, insistently fascinating, and frequently veiled subject of sex. But any readers looking for eroticism must have been disappointed, for the book was a sober and searching work, concerned with the whole pattern of Samoan social behavior, and it wound up with a plea for greater elasticity in American mores not only in regard to sex but in regard to the upbringing of children, their relations with their parents, and the relations of both with society as a whole.

Since the publication of this book, which propelled its author into sudden prominence both outside and inside scientific circles, Margaret Mead has become by far the most widely acclaimed figure in her profession. The acclaim has now and then been mixed with severe criticism from more academic anthropologists. The very features that made "Coming of Age in Samoa" popular with the general public—its clarity and its insistence on the role of anthropology as a source of improving lessons for the civilized world—were regarded by some anthropologists as unorthodox and scientifically impure. Dr. Mead, who went on to turn out a small library of similar studies concerning other South Sea societies—and at the same time persisted quite stubbornly in her addiction to readable English and to making comparisons between Melanesia and Main Street—was frequently denounced as an "impressionist," because of her intuitive approach to her subject, and as a "journalist," because "journalist" is about as low an epithet as one anthropologist can hurl at another. To these attacks, which occurred in the book-review sections of various learned journals, Dr. Mead invariably replied with some heat, earning herself such further epithets as "the stormy petrel of anthropology." But these intramural ruckuses proved, in the long run, to be minor. Dr. Mead slowly and surely began to assume the stature of one of the world's important thinkers. In purely scientific monographs, she proved over and over again that she could write as technically and obscurely as anyone else when she felt like it, but in her more popular works she kept up her crusade to bring anthropology home to the average educated reader and to convert it from a detached science into a practical tool for social therapy. Behind all her painstaking researches into primitive cultures in exotic jungles was the mind of a highly civilized woman, aware of world trends in politics, economics, psychology, and sociology, and anxious to bring her work to bear in a realistic way on the problems of the day.

This larger role in which Dr. Mead cast herself has involved her in a maelstrom of activity. Her published works run into millions of words. (An enormously facile writer, she has been known to turn out a book in as little as twenty-four days.) She is a torrential writer of popular-magazine articles and letters to the editor, as well as memoirs and scientific monographs. She is a tireless public evangelist for the social and behavioral sciences, having delivered as many as eighty talks a year at colleges and before large popular gatherings all over the United States and in Europe and Australia. She serves on innumerable scientific panels and attends innumerable symposiums and conferences, a recent one having taken her all the way to the Crimea for a discussion of international relations. She has repeatedly served United States government agencies as an adviser on projects that have ranged from nutrition to mental health. And in addition to all this she has for many years held the official academic positions of associate curator of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History and adjunct professor of anthropology at Columbia University. Both these jobs bring her into contact with quantities of young anthropologists, whose papers she reads and whose projects she discusses with patience and unflagging interest. "Fortunately," she remarked recently, "I can do things in fairly intense doses." The doses, it appears, are not merely intense; they are Gargantuan.

Dr. Mead is now sixty years old, has a rather expansive figure, and radiates the air of authority that comes from many years of telling students, anthropologists, and other people things for their own good. Because of her precocious entry into the field, many of her readers assume that she is older than she is, and because of her air of monumentality on the lecture platform, many of her listeners assume that she is a very large woman, though she is only a shade over five feet tall. This effect of monumentality is enhanced by a very positive, no-nonsense attitude toward her work and her listeners, but there is nothing about her that suggests scientific pomp or snobbery. She hates what she calls "scientism." ("That means making a noise like a scientist.") She is always at pains to make herself clearly understood, using a vocabulary that is rich in the vernacular, and even



"I know it's worked before, but will it sell dog food?"

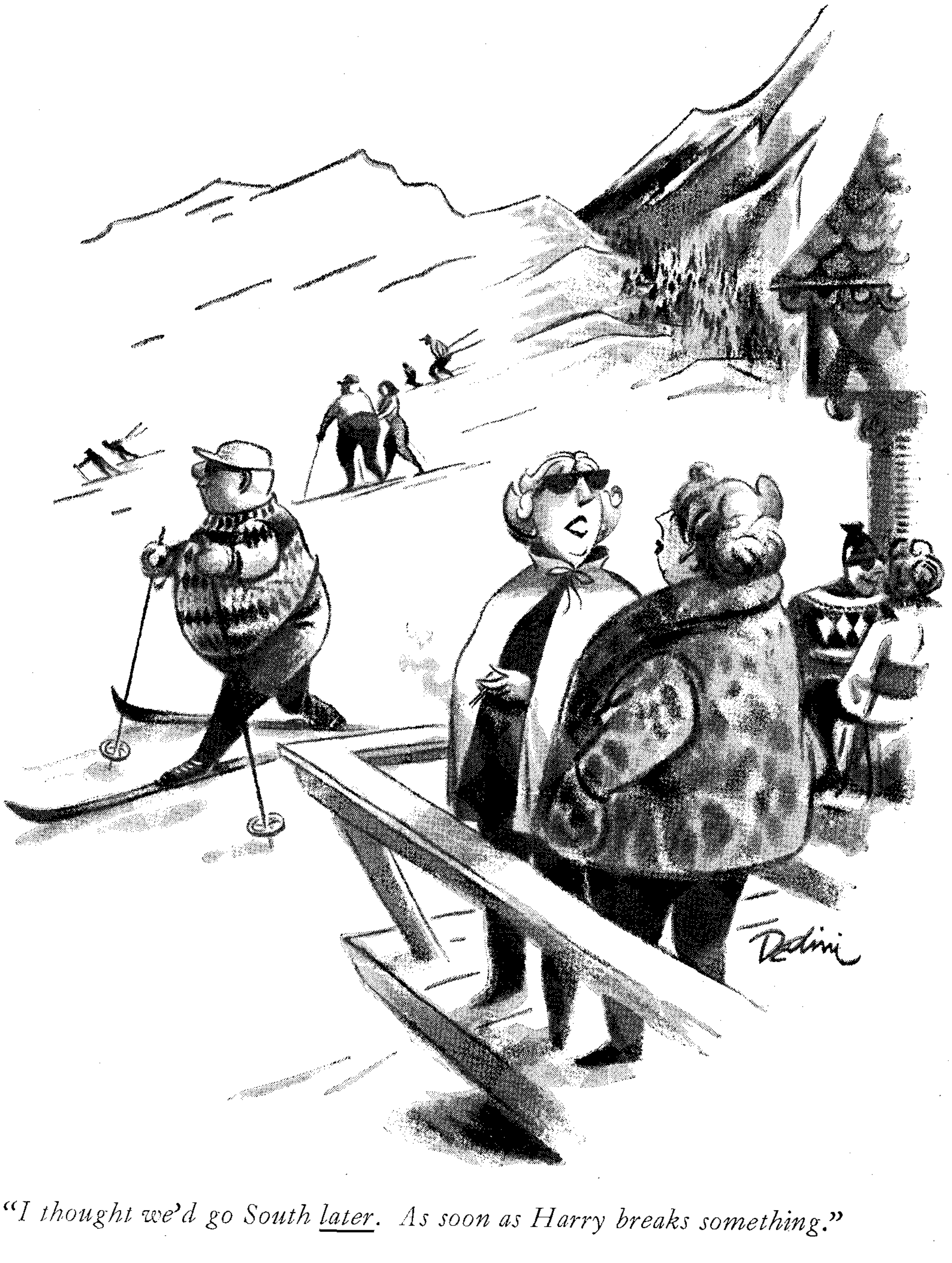
in slang, and she has the politician's gift of spellbinding. She is solidly, almost aggressively American; often—perhaps deliberately—she mispronounces foreign words, one of the most frequent being "memoir," which emerges, stubbornly and defiantly anglicized, as "meemoor."

Physically, the most impressive thing about Dr. Mead is her apparently inexhaustible reserve of energy. She is extremely agile, and swings her arms like a member of the Coldstream Guards when she walks; when she is in what passes with her for repose, slouching in an easy chair, or even lying like an odalisque on a couch, she is apt to go right on gesticulating spiritedly to emphasize some point she is making in a tireless flow of conversation. Her general air of bounciness suggests a middle-aged and extraordinarily intelligent Valkyrie—an image she has lately fortified by using a formidable-looking forked cudgel to help her about town, because of a broken ankle she suffered when she slipped on the floor of a friend's house. "I am always breaking that ankle," she remarked impatiently to a recent visitor, but the fracture seems to strike her as a mere inconvenience and does not keep her from making daily trips to and from the Museum of Natural History. Dr. Mead's habits of dress have been described as unself-conscious to the point of downright carelessness. She is addicted to neat, plain print dresses of a functional character, and nearly always wears a large crystal pendant on a chain around her neck, a silver ring with a star sapphire, made for her in Bali, on one of the fingers of her left hand, and a wristwatch on her left wrist. Her hair is short, gray, curly, and parted in the middle, giving her a slightly schoolteacherish look, which is often intensified by a pair of rimless spectacles. Dr. Mead is, however, not nearly as interested in how she looks as in what she thinks, and behind the spectacles and the display of sartorial casualness her mind is always racing, headlong and joyfully, through a maze of projects and ideas, some of them concerning the ever-present problem of raising funds for anthropological research, others concerning her own contributions to the science, and still others concerning the application of the science to matters reported in yesterday's newspapers. Dr. Mead's mind, in fact, might be described as that of a total anthropologist, in the same way that one speaks of a total war. Everything she reads in the *Times* (which she goes through regularly every day) takes its place in reference to anthropological theory. The causes of wars and revolutions and the rise and fall of nations are examined by her in the light of her science. So are all the minutiae of the life that goes on around her. She is a confirmed reader of science fiction, which she sees as a cultural symptom ("the effective folklore of the future—the important mythological material on which our children are brought up"), and she loves the theatre; when she first came to New York, she attended no fewer than forty shows in a single season. She also likes to read poetry, having once written a great deal of it herself, and has made excursions into Existentialist and beatnik novels. Her attitude toward all this miscellaneous reading and theatregoing is, however, strongly colored by her anthropological interests. Her habit of comparing the behavior of people in different social environments intrudes into nearly all her extracurricular activity. She likes to read a book and then see it transformed into a play or film, so that she can gauge the behavior of the playwright in dealing with his technical problems. She likes to see different casts in the same play for analogous reasons. Once, on a visit to Vienna, she attended two performances of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" in the same week in order to see how different sets of singers handled similar problems. "The whole world is my field," she is apt to say cheerfully. "It's all anthropology."

Like a good many of New York's remarkable people, Dr. Mead makes her home in Greenwich Village, where she has lived, between expeditions and lecture tours, for about twenty years. Her present residence, on Waverly Place, is in a typical old-fashioned pink brick house; she rents the two lower floors from Dr. Rhoda Métraux, a friend and fellow-anthropologist who lives upstairs and is working with her on some current projects. "I never want to own, plan, or build anything," Dr. Mead remarked recently, with her characteristic air of positiveness. Her part of the house serves her admirably as a place to sleep, work, and hold conferences with other research workers. To her delight, it has two kitchens ("I've always thought extra kitchens were handier than extra bathrooms"), and she uses them both. "I love cooking," she said not long ago. "I never cook just for myself, but I like to whip up things for visitors. I can improvise quite good things—mostly rice dishes with a slight Indonesian character." Most people who have tasted them agree that they are very good indeed, and the dinners, along with more formidable gatherings—she and Dr. Métraux sometimes throw the whole house open to meetings of as many as two hundred friends and students—contribute to a remarkable flow of sociability, which Dr. Mead, a very gregarious woman, finds thoroughly congenial. She has about fifty relatives, with whom she maintains a running correspondence, and whom she sometimes entertains at home, and she has an army of friends, ranging from poets, professors, and what she calls "panel acquaintances" to ordinary family people, whose children are of unflagging interest to her. "As a matter of fact, I have kept up with all my friends since the fourth grade," she said recently. "I have a complete life with friends in Australia and England, too. I pick my friends by temperament, without regard to success. I know a large collection of mavericks—people who are interesting but haven't the background or education to get along successfully in their field, or people who have just come to this country. My relatives have extremely disparate political positions, but that doesn't bother me. I just like to communicate with people." The front parlor of her house is furnished comfortably but without any particular consciousness of style, and it contains none of the tribal shields and spears and other such trophies that one might expect. A nondescript New England seascape is over the fireplace, a reproduction of a fine Holbein portrait of a woman hangs on one wall, and a number of photographs of relatives and colleagues are scattered about the room; altogether, one gets the impression that Dr. Mead is more interested in people than she is in art. A large bookcase is filled with dog-eared volumes of anthropology, travel, and psychology, plus a few classics and a considerable amount of poetry.

Dr. Mead's other permanent habitation—her office on the top floor of the Museum of Natural History—is similarly bare of objects that invite the eye, and very much more cluttered, containing several desks and a tremendous accumulation of scientific data packed into files and bookcases that reach from floor to ceiling. Before she moved into the office, about thirty-five years ago, it had been the quarters of the Museum's chief engineer. It is a long walk from the nearest elevator, through some rather dismal corridors, and is frightfully hot in summer—a circumstance that scarcely troubles Dr. Mead, whose sojourns in the tropics have made her something of a connoisseur of heat. Here, hovered over by half a dozen young anthropology students who serve as her assistants and are obviously overwhelmed by the privilege of working at close quarters with so great a scientific monument, she sits squarely at a littered desk, like a harassed and highly competent city editor, reading and writing and bossing an incredible flow of activity. The work she carries on here includes the arranging of lecture schedules and scientific symposiums; the reading of papers written by hopeful young anthropologists; the coördination of research projects, in which she nowadays collaborates with scores of fellow-professionals; the supervision of the Museum's Oceanian ethnological collections; the preparation of monographs and the planning of exhibitions; and a good part of her writing. The most striking feature of the place is its total lack of privacy. Dr. Mead can apparently do her writing anywhere, and is quite at home thumping her typewriter in the most clamorous surroundings. This imperviousness to distraction undoubtedly derives to some extent from her discipline as a fieldworker. "It's very trying to kneel beside a village fire for four hours with smoke in your eyes and take notes while thinking up the right questions and judging the personality of your primitive informants, but it's part of the job," she told a friend not long ago. And, she implied, for anybody who is capable of doing that the distractions of life in the Museum's Department of Anthropology hold few terrors.

DR. MEAD's intrepidity, equanimity in the face of chaos, puritanism of taste, and hardheaded practicality—as well as her energetic intellectual out-



"I thought we'd go South later. As soon as Harry breaks something."

look—may well be related to her upbringing in a family of intellectually progressive Middle Westerners whose forebears reach back some ten generations on American soil. Although as a scientist she is completely uninhibited by convention or tradition, there are some things about her that reflect her deep national roots. For example, she is a devout Episcopalian; she attends services regularly at St. Luke's Chapel in New York, and she is still a member of the Bucks County church where she was confirmed many years ago. And though her work constantly brings her in contact with European savants as well as primitive tribal peoples, she preserves a staunchly American air that is neither defiant nor apologetic. She was born in Philadelphia. Her father, Edward Sherwood Mead, was an economist who taught at the University of Pennsylvania and turned out a large number of books on such subjects as corporate finance, though he privately entertained some rather unorthodox opinions for an economist of his day, among them that taxes ought to be higher in order to provide increased funds for education. Her mother was a sociologist and militant feminist who came from the Middle West to do graduate work at the university, and was an early student of immigrant communities in and around New Jersey. Her paternal grandmother, who had a strong influence on Dr. Mead's childhood, was a teacher with a keen interest in child psychology. Some old photographs of the family that Dr. Mead keeps in her Greenwich Village home show them to have had a classic, dignified Grant Wood "American Gothic" look, though her mother was remarkably pretty. Margaret Mead was the oldest of five children. Her one brother became an economist with the University of Southern California's Graduate School of Business Administration, and is at present on leave in Pakistan. One sister died as a baby; another, the wife of the writer Leo Rosten, devoted herself to bringing up a family until her death in 1959; and the third, who was at one time married to the cartoonist William Steig, is a painter and teacher of art in Manhattan. "I was a perfectly contented child," Dr. Mead recalled recently, "and I had no experience except with highly educated women." At the age of eight, her grandmother set her to work making a systematic study of the speech habits of her younger sisters. This early venture into scientific method, along with her elders' perpetual involvement in research projects of one sort or another (in Hammonton, New Jersey, where the family lived for a time, her mother made a sociological study of the Italian population, and later Dr. Mead herself made this same population the subject of her Master's thesis in psychology), gave her a familiarity with field work that seems to have set a lifelong pattern. She attended various schools in Doylestown and New Hope, Pennsylvania; for a while considered being a painter and a poet; and then entered DePauw University, in Greencastle, Indiana, with the idea of majoring in English. After a year there, however, she came to New York to attend Barnard College, and here, in 1923, her senior year, she took a course in anthropology given by Franz Boas that fixed her ambitions irrevocably.

Anthropology at that time was—in America, at least—a fairly young and disorganized science, populated by amateurs, literary people, and untrained travellers and explorers, plus, of course, a few dedicated and systematic scholars. It had fallen to Franz Boas—a kindly, rather leonine-looking, fiercely mustached scholar who had arrived from his native Germany some years before—to set it on a firm scientific foundation, laying the basis on which a whole generation of American anthropologists ul-

"Come, now! You look like more than a one-eggnog man!"

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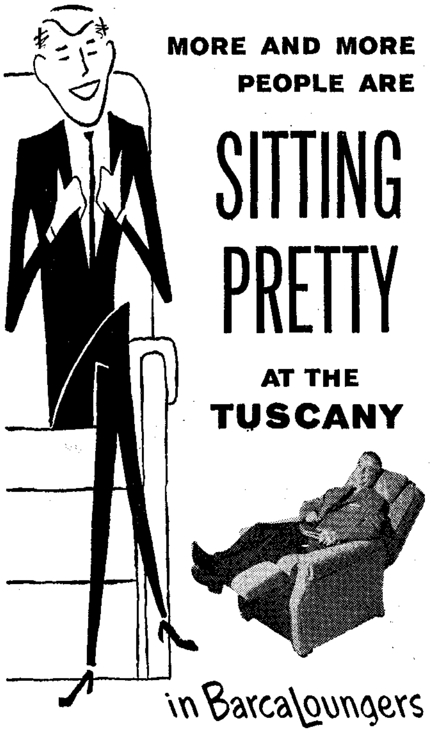

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timately built. Boas was a firm thinker and a gentle propounder of questions that badly needed answers, and he was obsessed with the vital problem of studying the rapidly disappearing primitive cultures of the world before the uniformity of modern civilization obliterated them. He and his students were involved in a race against time, and their investigations were of the utmost importance, for once the remote and isolated societies of the world became permeated with the customs and attitudes of civilization, a vast and unique laboratory for the study of variations in human behavior would be lost forever. Are such things as our conventional differentiation between the roles of the sexes and our way of bringing up our children the result of instinct, or are they matters of social conditioning? Just how malleable is what we call human nature? The answers to such questions lie to a great extent in the careful investigation of what human beings do in societies that are differently oriented from our own, and such societies, existing in sufficient isolation to be profitably studied, are becoming rarer and rarer in the modern world. The pressing necessity at the time Boas taught at Barnard and Columbia was for intensive and far-flung field work that would record as much as possible about these threatened cultures. Boas himself referred to this undertaking as a "rescue operation." Money to carry it out was never plentiful, and it demanded great dedication on the part of the young scientists who, under his leadership, cheerfully exiled themselves to jungles and remote islands, often with only the barest means of keeping body and soul together. The operation is still being carried on; as recently as last summer, Dr. Mead wrote, "I have lived all my scientific life with the strong conviction that there has never been enough time to rescue all the existing primitive cultures before the juggernaut of modern civilization rolls over them."

Life as a disciple of Boas may not have been remunerative, but it seems to have held all the excitement and the will to self-sacrifice of a crusade. His earliest disciple and most tireless assistant was Ruth Benedict, a strangely remote and beautiful woman, unhappily married, who, like a number of anthropologists, had come to the science after an early career as a poet and literary figure, and who brought to it both the fervor of a priestess and the stylistic elegance of a fastidious writer. Under their combined influence, Margaret Mead caught the infection. She took an M.A. in the allied science of psychology at Columbia and, very soon afterward, completed the work for her Ph.D. in anthropology, writing as her thesis a book called "An Inquiry Into the Question of Cultural Stability in Polynesia," which was based on the field reports of others. She was twenty-three years old at the time, and was furiously impatient to get on with a research project of her own. But both Boas and Ruth Benedict took a rather cautious view of her ambitions. She was a comparatively frail young woman, and sending her to work alone among cannibal tribes seemed a pretty risky business. Finally, they agreed to let her go to Samoa, partly because the Samoans were a peaceable and good-natured people, and partly because such civilized amenities as doctors and policemen were close enough to minimize any dangers to her health and safety. She got a National Research Council fellowship, an appointment as an associate at the B. P. Bishop Museum, in Honolulu, and a thousand dollars from her father to finance the trip, and, in 1925, boarded a steamer in San Francisco with a typewriter, a flashlight, a change of clothes, and a little metal strongbox to hold her papers and notes. After taking some lessons in Polynesian grammar from a fellow-anthropologist in Honolulu, she proceeded to the Samoan Islands with an introduction from the Surgeon General of the Navy to the chief medical officer there, who was supposed to keep an eye on her. For six weeks, she lived in the ramshackle hotel that was the setting of Somerset Maugham's "Rain." (It was the first hotel she had ever stayed in.) She continued her study of the language with a Samoan nurse attached to the medical station, and found that her memory for nonsense syllables, acquired during her childhood study of her sisters' speech habits, helped her considerably when tackling a vocabulary completely unrelated to any modern civilized tongue. Her life, however, was not easy. The other whites in the islands viewed her with a great deal of suspicion; she went through a hurricane; and she contracted a case of conjunctivitis that affected her eyes for years afterward. But the upshot of her studies, which, at Boas' suggestion, were mainly concerned with the behavior of Samoan adolescent girls, was "Coming of Age in Samoa."

After this precocious exploit, Margaret Mead was accepted as an anthropologist in her own right, able to make her own decisions and to go wherever she liked. Her next field trip, in

1928, was in more dangerous and unpleasant territory—the sweltering Admiralty Islands, off the north coast of New Guinea, where she spent about eight months in collaboration with the well-known New Zealand anthropologist Reo Fortune, and where she suffered for much of the time from malaria. Here her subject was the social and sexual relationships of the Manus, a small fishing and trading tribe, who lived on the lagoons and conducted a lively commerce with their neighbors, using dogs' teeth and shells for money. The Manus were fiercely honest, and could not be deceived or cajoled. She found that the best approach to them was to tell them frankly and in terms they could understand what she was about, with the result that they were flattered by her interest in their customs.

The Manus proved to be a fascinating people—so fascinating, in fact, that twenty-five years later Dr. Mead made a second visit to their lagoon villages, in order to study the effects on their lives of wartime contact with the Japanese, the Americans, and the Australians. The Manus, as she first saw them, were formal and rather strict, with none of the happy-go-lucky habits that the layman often, and quite mistakenly, assumes to be characteristic of the noble savage. Many of their customs reflected, on a primitive scale, the dominant psychological patterns of Dr. Mead's fellow-Americans: they were commercial-minded; they imported most of their arts and ceremonies from their neighbors; they were extremely puritanical (to a point that caused the surrounding tribes to describe them laughingly as "all the same missionary"); they revered success; they were rugged individualists; they distrusted "eggheads," rating force of personality higher than intelligence; they had a strong sense of sin, and dressed their women prudishly (the idea being not to make them sexually unattractive but to display their wealth); they had no feeling for romance, no love songs, and no sense of fantasy or imagination; their children were universally spoiled and inclined to run wild. The one respect in which they differed widely from most other peoples was that they reversed the usual family roles of the sexes. The Manus mother was a stern disciplinarian who held aloof from domestic affection, while the Manus father played a "maternal" role, serving as the loving, understanding, and forgiving parent. This peculiar social quirk offered Dr. Mead a unique opportunity to compare the Manus' child psychology with that of the outside world. Since most Manus

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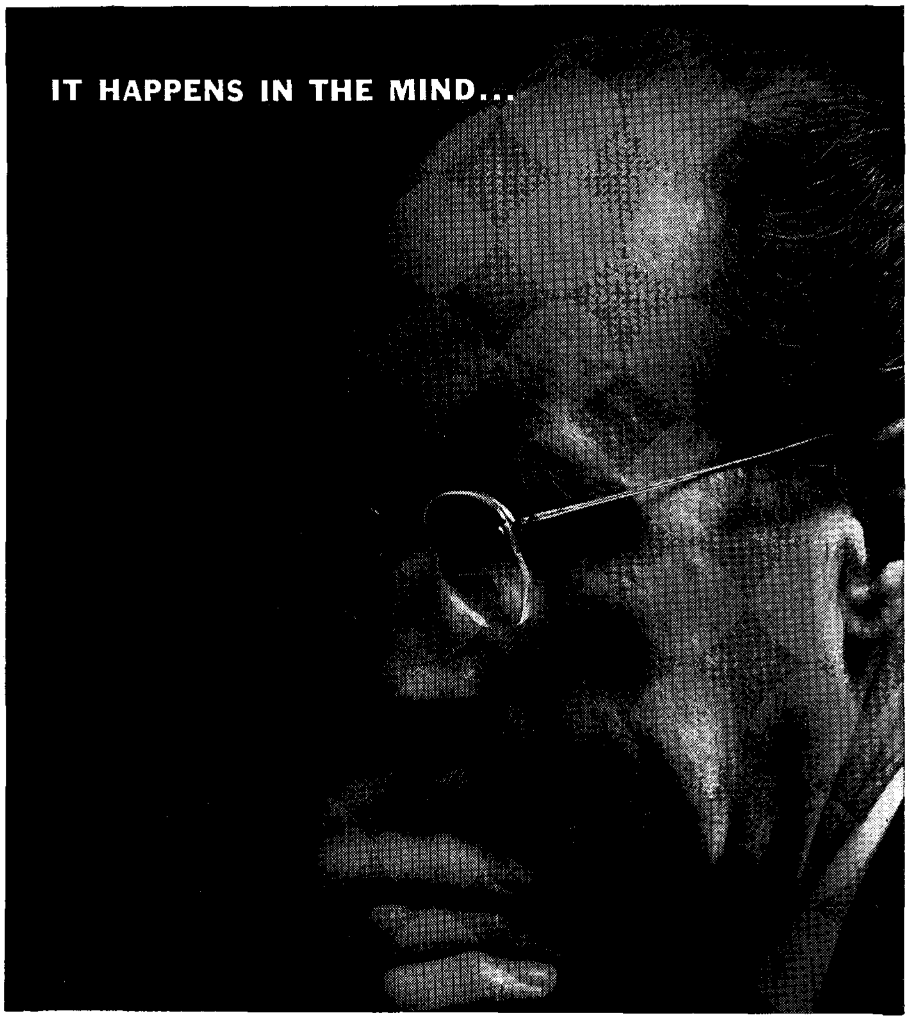
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children feared their mothers and loved their fathers, the tendency of the young was to identify themselves with the father—a circumstance that led to healthy adjustment among Manus boys and a great deal of frustration among Manus girls. In the book "Growing Up in New Guinea," which she wrote on her return from her first trip to the islands, Dr. Mead drew a number of interesting comparisons between the Manus and the American system of family relations, finding that the typical American boy was in a quandary corresponding to that of the Manus girl—desperately striving to assert his masculinity against the power of the "mother image" with which he identified himself as an infant. American boys, she concluded, are more rambunctious than American girls because they feel an overwhelming necessity to differentiate themselves from their mothers, and certain fields of activity—notably the arts—are more or less discredited as masculine pursuits in America because they are to a great extent the concern of the sex with which the male cannot identify himself without compromising his maleness. "The American boy's conceptions of manhood are diluted," she wrote. "Our boys are condemned to approximate to a dull generic idea of *manhood*, rather than to a number of interesting, known *men*." The American father, she continued, is not close enough to his children, and as a result the American male has to shout in order to make his masculinity manifest; on the whole, the American female has it better, and feels more secure in her role in life.

The Manus society, in its commercialism and puritanism and its tendency to produce frustrated women, had its drawbacks, but its pervading attitudes of realism and practicality laid it open to the influence of progressive ideas, and when Dr. Mead made her second expedition to study it, she was astonished at the ease with which it had taken on the customs of twentieth-century civilization. It had lost much of its old rigor, coins had replaced dogs' teeth, and the Manus' strong mercantile instincts had made them take happily to banking. A great political figure—a sort of Manus Atatürk—had led his people toward more or less complete Westernization. Trousers had replaced loincloths, and even neckties were worn. The change, as Dr. Mead carefully noted, was eminently successful because it was no patchwork affair but a radical and complete adjustment to the ways of the modern world; the Manus, by their own enthusiastic choice, had become prize pupils of civilized society. In looking back on this change today, Dr. Mead is inclined to view it as a model of what can be achieved by a primitive people in the course of a single generation, and she points out that it holds very pertinent lessons for much of the world today. "After all," she remarked recently, "now we have all Africa to think about."

Three years after her first visit to the Manus, Dr. Mead returned to New Guinea to investigate three contrasting tribes, whom she reported on in a book called "Sex and Temperament." The first of these, a people known as the Arapesh, were a peaceable, humor-loving, coöperative group, quite unaggressive, and devoted to a family life in which both parents had a tender and solicitous regard for the children. The second, the Mundugumor, were about as unpleasant a lot as an anthropologist is likely to come across. They were headhunters and cannibals, they were apparently always angry, and their whole social structure was based on hostility. They despised gentleness of any sort, and only the fittest children survived. Sex for them was almost a matter of rape, and adolescent boys often proved their manhood by ceremonially killing a captive from some neighboring tribe. The Mundugumor were polygamists, and frequently abducted and fought over each others' wives. Their closest ties were between father and daughter, and incest was common. To make matters worse, the Mundugumor, according to a tribal legend, had once been better behaved, and this gave them a strong sense of guilt. They were the diametrical opposites of the Arapesh. The third tribe, the Tchambuli, practiced ceremonial head-hunting—killing criminals or orphans bought for the purpose from their neighbors—but they were not particularly warlike, and the power in their social organization was exercised by the women of the tribe. The latter were independent, jolly, broad-humored, and rough. The men, on the other hand, were great actors and poseurs, resembling the members of a ballet troupe, and much of their energy was devoted to art—carving, building canoes, constructing beautiful houses, and so on. The men did the shopping but the women kept the money, and, in marriage, it was the women who did the choosing. This reversal of sexual custom had some fairly bizarre results. Transvestitism was common, and the younger

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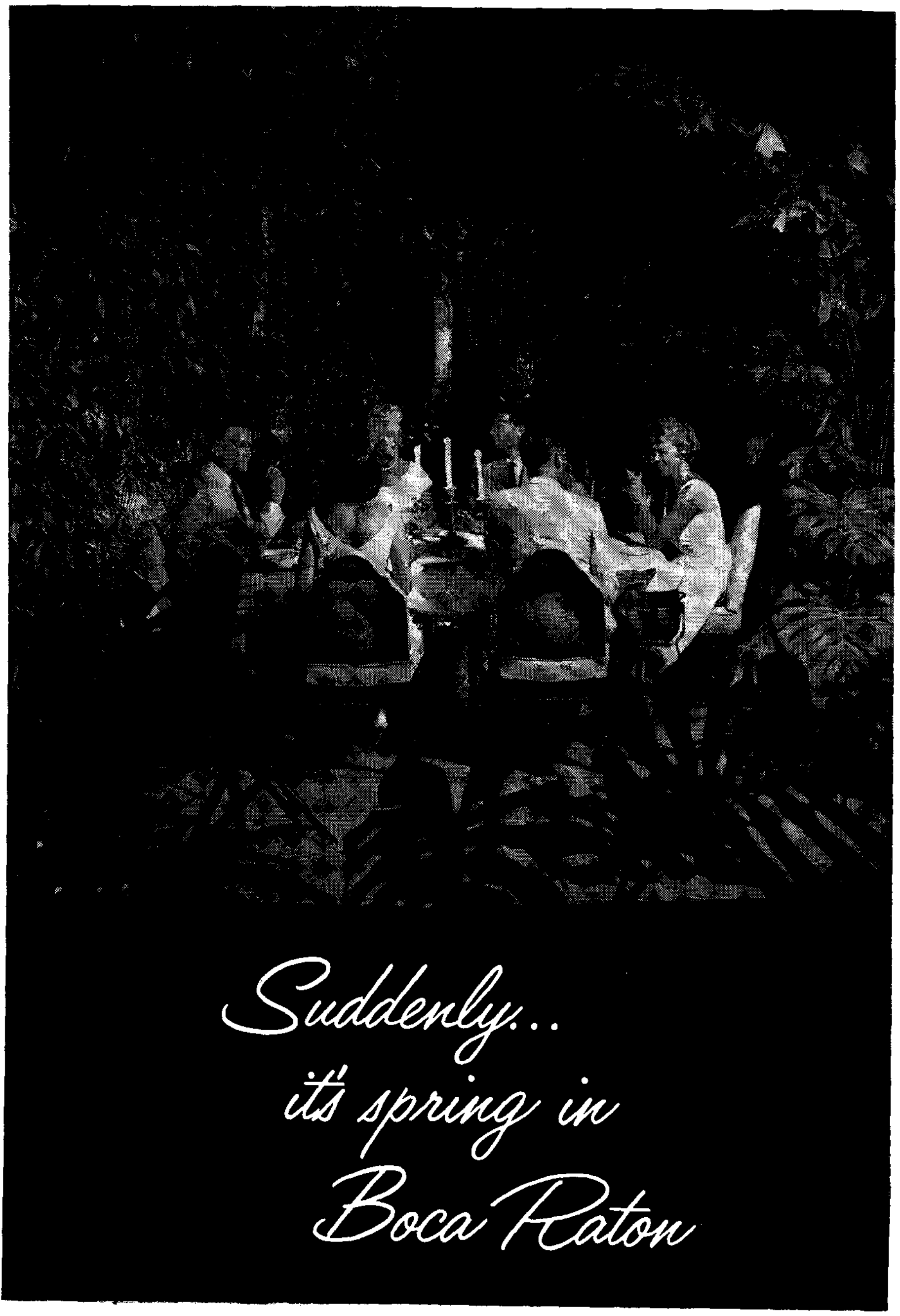
men showed frequent evidences of maladjustment by flying off into irrational fits of rage and violence.

These three tribes provided Dr. Mead with an excellent laboratory for comparisons of radically different systems of behavior of the sexes. The Arapesh ideal seemed to consist of a mild, responsive man married to a mild, responsive woman; the Mundugumor ideal, of a violent, aggressive man married to a violent, aggressive woman; and the Tchambuli ideal, of a dominant, impersonal, managing woman married to an irresponsible, emotionally dependent man. "Human nature," she concluded, "is almost unbelievably malleable." Since the "feminine" attributes of passivity, tenderness, and solicitude for children were characteristic of Arapesh men and were almost completely lacking in both sexes among the Mundugumor, she reasoned that there was no longer any basis for regarding things like passivity and aggression as sex-linked; on the contrary, they would seem to be the result of social conditioning. Moreover, while certain behavior patterns were shared by men and women, with no distinction as to sex, in both those tribes, the Tchambuli had established firm differences in the behavior of the sexes, though they had reversed the picture we consider normal. Where homosexuality was unknown among the sexually egalitarian Arapesh and Mundugumor, a very high incidence of neuroticism, if not of overt homosexuality, was evident among the sexually differentiated Tchambuli. There seemed to be considerable reason to infer that emotional imbalance was a characteristic of societies where the roles of the sexes were sharply contrasted, and Dr. Mead went on to apply the idea that sexual personality is socially produced to modern Fascism, which contrasts the sexes, and to modern Communism, which seeks to minimize the contrast; as for our own democratic society, she found that it is in an ambiguous position somewhere in between. To her great dismay, feminists began vociferously citing "Sex and Temperament" as proof that all differences between the sexes are merely the result of artificial social conventions imposed by men, and it became what she nowadays refers to as "my most misunderstood book." Dr. Mead herself is anything but a feminist, and she was highly irritated by the use to which her conclusions about certain psychological phenomena were put. She insisted that she had merely been reporting on, and drawing conclusions from, the behavior of three very interesting primitive societies, and, as a good scientist, had not taken sides.

Dr. Mead's next expedition, in 1936, was to Bali, an island that sentimental tourists have often painted as a tropical paradise filled with the happiest and most carefree of all God's creatures. Her stern anthropological eye found it no such thing. After a great deal of painstaking investigation, carried on in collaboration with an English colleague, Gregory Bateson, whom she married during the expedition, she concluded that the Balinese were a race of schizophrenics living in a society dominated by fear. This fear expressed itself in a ritualistic life whose rigid forms and ceremonies were a sort of guarantee of safety. The Balinese character, according to her, was a highly sophisticated and deliberate one, in which elaborate formal gesture took the place of spontaneous emotion, and in which the prevailing attitude was one of dreamy detachment from the world; in extreme cases, this detachment led to sickness and trances. The Balinese body was trained to ritualistic movements that made it seem like a puppet carefully manipulated from outside, and nearly all public behavior had an air of theatricality and patterned unreality. Digging into the childhood roots of this curious phenomenon, Dr. Mead found that Balinese schizophrenia was deliberately cultivated in infancy. At a certain point in the infant's life, the Balinese mother methodically began to frustrate its impulses—to tease it by leading it to expect gratification and then giving it none. By the time the child was three years old, it had withdrawn into a world of its own, giving up all hope of maternal affection and sometimes taking refuge in a trancelike state. On the whole, Balinese fathers were more benign than Balinese mothers, but not enough so to keep their offspring from becoming entirely detached from reality and genuine emotion. The famous Balinese dances were a reflection of Balinese sexual and family experience. Their dominant character was the Balinese witch, who brought disaster to mankind—the symbol of the denying Balinese mother. There was also a father image, in the shape of a big, good-natured, rather ineffectual dragon who persistently opposed the machinations of the witch. As many travellers have noted, these dramas had a certain aesthetic elegance about them, but this elegance could not hide their basic psychological meaning.

IN all her field work in the Pacific tropics, Dr. Mead attempted to enter as fully as possible into the life of her subjects, adopting their psychological attitudes, carefully observing their taboos, and playing with their children. In the course of her studies, she learned seven South Sea languages, plus "neo-Melanesian" ("That's a fancy word for pidgin English"), and she has a number of photographs of herself acting out the role of a typically carefree Samoan, a typically dreamy Balinese schizophrenic, and so on. "Of course, there were limits," she remarked recently. "I couldn't go around stark naked, for instance." But except for this sartorial departure she managed to make herself as much a part of primitive society as any outsider could. She always took along a supply of canned food, but usually subsisted on native food as long as possible before tapping this reserve. On one occasion, she managed to avoid eating raw pork by explaining that the pig was her family totem and therefore taboo to her. She sedulously observed all local taboos relating to women (most of her material on secret male rites was obtained by her male collaborators), including the Manus taboo that prohibits a childless woman from being present at a childbirth; it was not until she herself gave birth to a child—her daughter Catherine Bateson—on her return from Bali in 1939 that she freed herself from this conscientious observance. She taught Catherine to swim at the age of four, like Manus children, and then regretted it, since she had to keep a constant eye on her to prevent her from swimming way beyond her depth. She also adopted a Samoan custom by bringing Catherine up among hordes of other children in a large community of adults who could now and then serve as substitute parents. Catherine lived from the age of two to fifteen in the busy Greenwich Village house that her mother shared with the abundant family of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence K. Frank—he being a foundation executive, educator, and long-standing colleague—and passed equally gregarious summers near Squam Lake, New Hampshire, where Dr. Mead was surrounded by a colony of psychologists, sociologists, and members of her own profession. Catherine seems to have flourished under this treatment. She attended the Brearley School, in New York, and finished high school (having learned Hebrew) in Israel, where Dr. Mead was doing some sociological work for the Israeli government. After graduating from Radcliffe, Catherine married an Armenian engineer named Barkev Kassarjian, who had been studying engineering in Boston. Today, both Kassarjians are graduate students in Cambridge, he at the Har-



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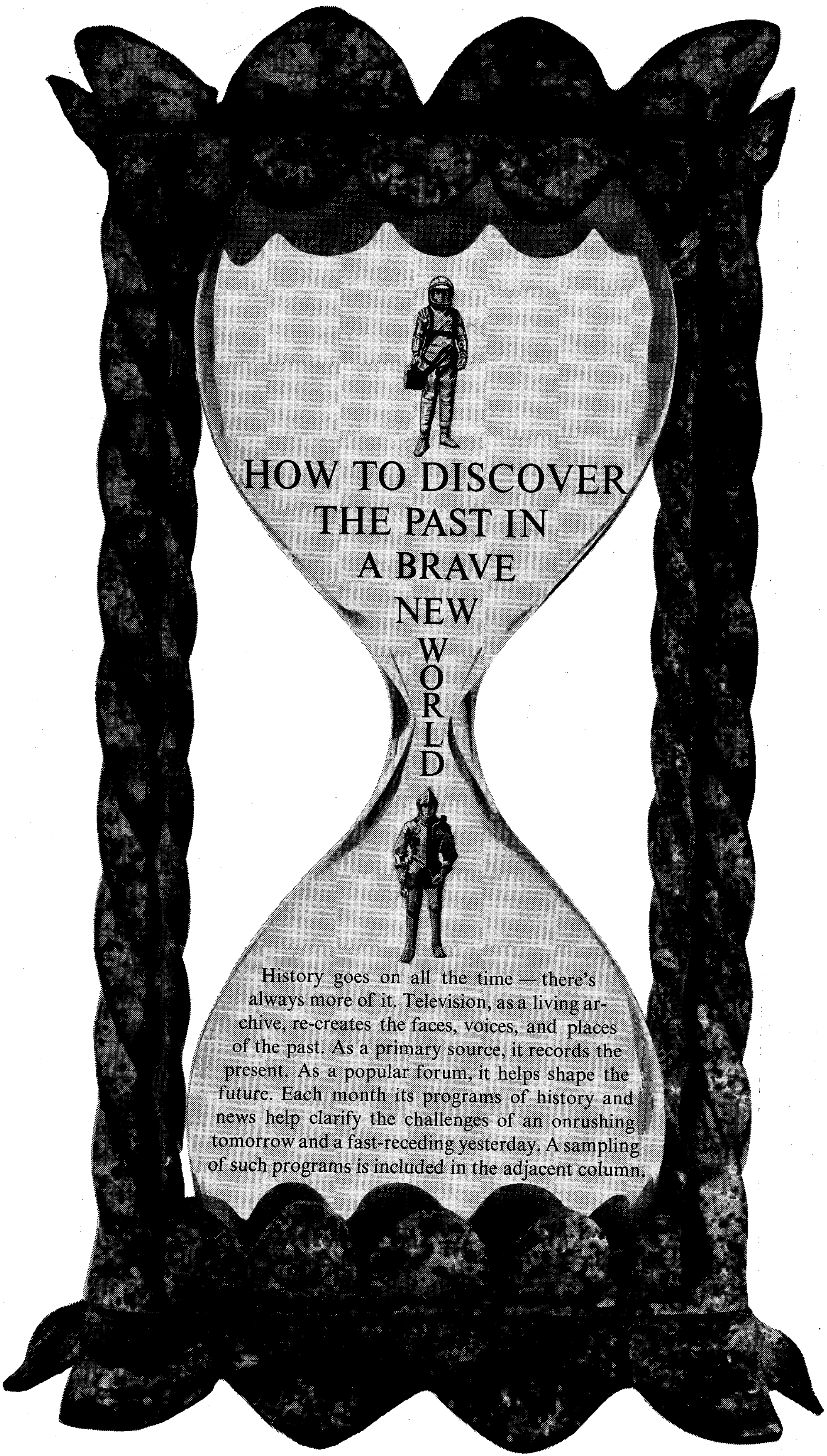
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Weavers of Death
Nazca, Ica, and Inca civilizations in Peru.
Monday, January 1 (7-7:30 PM)
The Cake Baker
Drama of flight from reality. Shelley Winters.
Tuesday, January 2 (10-10:30 PM)
Beyond the Threshold
Human and material costs of space projects.
Friday, January 5 (8:30-10 PM)
Projection ’62
Newsmen appraise the coming year.
Friday, January 5 (10-11 PM)
The Good Years: 1900-1914
Henry Fonda, Lucille Ball, Mort Sahl.
Friday, January 12 (8:30-10 PM)
John Brown’s Body
Dramatized reading of the Benét classic.
Sunday, January 14 (1:30-2:30 PM)
Robert E. Lee
Biographical portrait of a soldier.
Monday, January 15 (8-8:30 PM)
Young People’s Concert
Bernstein and N.Y. Philharmonic.
Thursday, January 18 (7:30-8:30 PM)
The Search
A Reginald Rose drama in *The Defenders.*
Saturday, January 20, (8:30-9:30 PM)
Our Man in Vienna
A report by David Brinkley.
Wednesday, January 24 (10-11 PM)
Don Giovanni
With Leontyne Price and Cesare Siepi.
Sunday, January 28 (2:30-5 PM)
Crisis at Suez: The 1956 Invasion
Sunday, January 28 (6-6:30 PM)
Journey to the Lost World
“Extinct” species found in South America.
Monday, January 29 (7-7:30 PM)
Close-Up!
The Christian ecumenical movement.
Tuesday, January 30 (10-11 PM)
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Mon.-Fri. CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM:
Modern Algebra
American Government
COLLEGE OF THE AIR:
The New Biology
Mondays: EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays: DAVID BRINKLEY’S JOURNAL
Thursdays: CBS REPORTS
Fridays: EYEWITNESS
CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays: UPDATE
ACCENT
ASK WASHINGTON
Sundays: CAMERA THREE
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DIRECTIONS ’62
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vard School of Business Administration and she at Radcliffe, where she is specializing in Middle Eastern languages.

During the war, the South Seas were too disturbed for field expeditions, and Dr. Mead turned her remarkable energies to working for various United States government agencies, meanwhile writing a book on American mores and directing research for a volume called “Soviet Attitudes Toward Authority.” As a critic of American society, in such books as “Male and Female” and “And Keep Your Powder Dry,” she drew freely on her South Seas experiences and treated our own culture with the same objectivity she had brought to her studies of primitive peoples. Here she was entering the field usually allotted to the related science of sociology, but her point of view remained anthropological in that it followed the well-known dictum of her teacher Ruth Benedict—that “culture is personality writ large.” She found American character well organized along certain definite lines, neither necessarily admirable nor necessarily evil but coherent and, to her mind, quite fascinating. She pointed out that Americans revere a “hometown” myth, that their lodges and veterans’ organizations create a feeling of security by stressing a communal past, that status, in their extremely fluid society, depends not on birth but on achievement, and that classes have been replaced by highly temporary pecking orders. Americans, according to her, spend a lot of time worrying about whether they are happy, and tend to conform out of a deadly terror that they are really “different.” They have a tremendous drive toward success, which would be incomprehensible to the Balinese or the Arapesh. They feel that they have to achieve in order to be loved, and even then they are not sure that they are *really* loved. American children have much less contact with their parents than the children of primitive tribes. American children are given objects (bottles, pacifiers, and toys) that to a great extent take the place of bodily contact with the mother. In their education, the emphasis is on competition with other personalities, not on relations between the sexes, and one upshot of this is that the appearance of sex is more important than sexuality itself. Are these things good or bad? That is not within the province of the anthropologist to answer. Nevertheless, Dr. Mead is firmly convinced that the understanding gained through the social sciences will someday save the world. “We haven’t learned yet that we must protect our enemies,” she remarked recent-

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ly. "Today, no one can save a society by dying for it—there wouldn't be anything left to save. The big issue now is the survival of mankind. The time is coming when we will have to be responsible for the Russians' children and they will have to be responsible for ours. The human sciences have a great contribution to make in this direction."

At the moment, Dr. Mead, along with Dr. Métraux, is involved in a complicated study of the concepts of space and time and the unknown as they are apprehended in different societies. These concepts, they have found, are fused differently by different peoples, who often think of one in terms of another. One thing that will certainly emerge from this project is another book, and, like all of Dr. Mead's books, it will certainly cause controversy in and out of professional circles. Meanwhile, she is as busy as ever, writing a book about cultural evolution based on the Dwight H. Terry Lectures that she gave at Yale in 1957, working in her department of the Museum, travelling about the country for the World Federation for Mental Health and other mental-health agencies, and carrying what she refers to as "a trailing weight of duties resulting from an accumulation of forty years of participation"—a weight that consists of staying in touch with old friends, keeping up with the progress of her science, reading the efforts of young anthropologists, and taking part in innumerable board and committee meetings. "Luckily," she says, "I do not distinguish between work and pleasure, and I seldom have to do anything I don't want to do." Eight years ago, as she was about to return from her last trip to the Manus, those noble savages remarked, with a happy and candid disregard for gallantry, that she looked like an old turtle going out to sea to die. But Dr. Mead, at sixty, doesn't feel like an old turtle. In fact, she is very much interested in the idea of paying both the Manus and the Balinese still another visit, taking along the improved equipment that science is constantly placing in the hands of scholars. "I am paced by modern technology," she exclaimed with delight the other day.

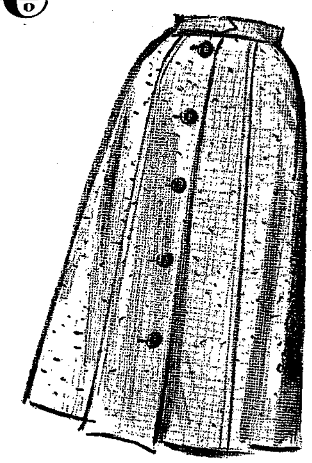
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Editor, State Times:
There are too many vicious, lousy, hungry, suffering dogs roaming around on our public streets, sidewalks and other public places, chasing and threatening walking people.—*Letter in the Baton Rouge (La.) State Times.*

Come to think of it, there are too many lousy people walking.

A&F



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Love on Wheels

A PICTURE I can recommend with all my heart to every man, woman, and child I know, and even to a couple of dogs I have scraped acquaintance with, is "La Belle Américaine," a comedy that, as its title suggests, comes to us from France but that is not, as its title suggests, about a cute American chick. No, the eponym is a gorgeous blond car—one of those voluptuous convertibles that so obviously embody the fantasies of sex-starved Detroit designers and that, despite the sophistication the French are supposed to bring to *l'amour*, to say nothing of *la voiture*, appear to kindle in their bosoms a passion greater than we on this side of the water are any longer capable of feeling. For us, the car-girl symbol has perhaps exhausted itself by going too far and becoming too commonplace. A Cadillac seems by now a mere parody of a desirable woman instead of her substitute—in short, the mechanical equivalent of a female impersonator. Be that as it may, in "La Belle Américaine" a working-class couple in Paris set out to buy a second-hand motorcycle and by a freak of superlative good fortune end up acquiring the biggest and most luxurious car that they or any of their friends have ever seen. The extraordinary changes wrought in their lives by this unwieldy behemoth make up the plot of a comedy that is so intricate and continuous an interweaving of hilarious sight gags that scarcely a word of dialogue is needed and English subtitles are, for once, a superfluity. (That is one reason I recommend the picture to both children and dogs. I particularly recommend it to the latter on the strength of a scene in which a drooling, maladroit semi-St. Bernard takes over a sports-car show and utterly demoralizes it.)

The star, director, and co-author of the script of "La Belle Américaine" is Robert Dhéry, who a couple of years ago brought to Broadway the manifold wonders of "La Plume de Ma Tante." In this work, as in that, M. Dhéry demonstrates that he is one of the funniest men alive. Still more to his credit is the fearless simplicity and wholesomeness of his funniness. The succession of peculiar dooms that befall him in "La Belle Américaine" offers no morbid hints of personal angst, no reproaches directed at the human predicament; this is the pure comedy that is mirror-bright and mirror-thin, and we laugh at it from joy, and not out of nervousness. Aiding M. Dhéry in his frolics are his wife, Colette Brosset, and ten or fifteen other brilliant comic actors of assorted ages, sizes, and styles.

"SOMETHING WILD" is an immensely ambitious and, I'm sorry to say, wholly unsuccessful picture. With uncanny persistence, it manages to ring false from beginning to end, and the reason for this lies with a script that makes almost no sense, dialogue that must be heard to be disbelieved, and a self-indulgently "artistic" camera. A pretty young college girl here in New York (Carroll Baker) is brutally set upon and raped. Up to the moment of the crime, we are to assume that she was a perfectly normal undergraduate, but from that moment on she becomes a sort of Ophelia, deranged and suicidal. Telling nobody what has happened, she runs off to a filthy room in a tenement on the lower East Side. Soon she falls in with an alcoholic mechanic (Ralph Meeker), who keeps her locked in his basement quarters and describes her ominously as "my last chance." From what we are shown of the pair, they are both crackers, and because the director, Jack Garfein, is constantly calling our attention to the fact that this is a very high-class picture, we expect it to end unhappily, but not at all—the girl falls in love with her tormentor, marries him, gets pregnant, and even makes up with her old Mom, who is also, on the evidence, as nutty as they come. Miss Baker and Mr. Meeker and Mildred Dunnock, who plays Mom, have been radically overdirected. All that survives the picture unscathed is New York, which provides a dozen or so vivid settings.

THE slowest and silliest picture I've ever seen is "El Cid," and I dare not suggest that even the most bloodthirsty twelve-year-old would enjoy spending the best years of his adolescence at it. The photography is perfection, and nearly every second of it goes to waste. Maybe someday a short, beautiful movie will be mined from all this marshmallow.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

The vital substance Placentine in these creams helps banish the drying, faded look of youth.—*Adv. in the Washington Post & Times Herald.*

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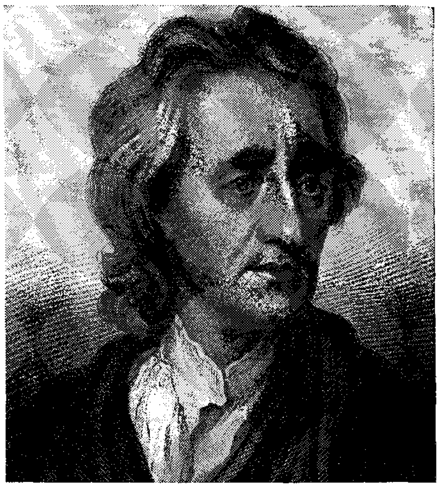

JOHN LOCKE

judgment

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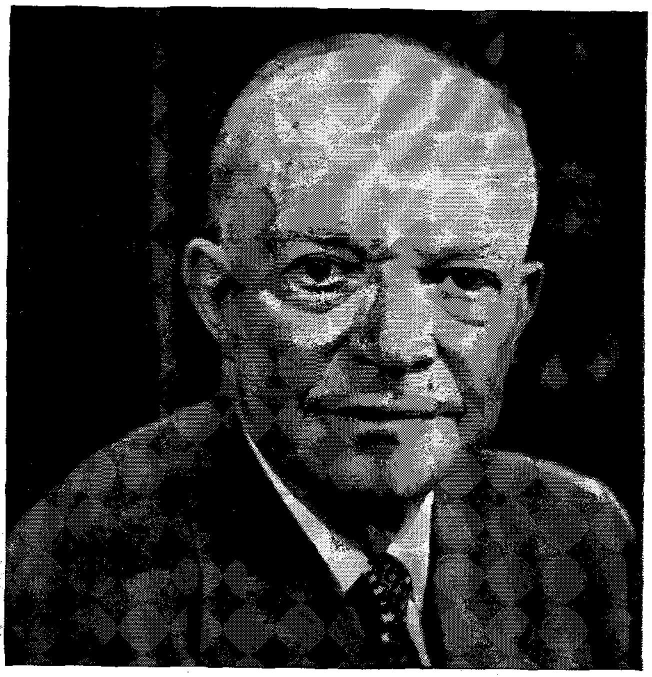

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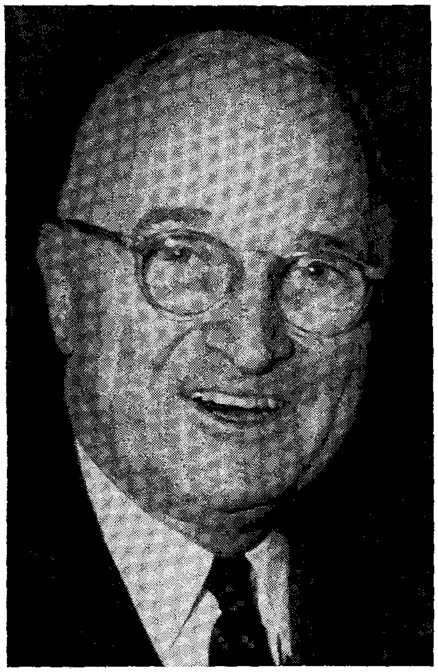

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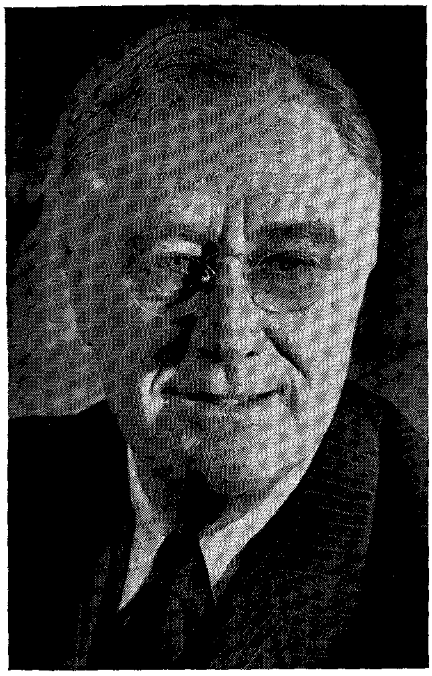

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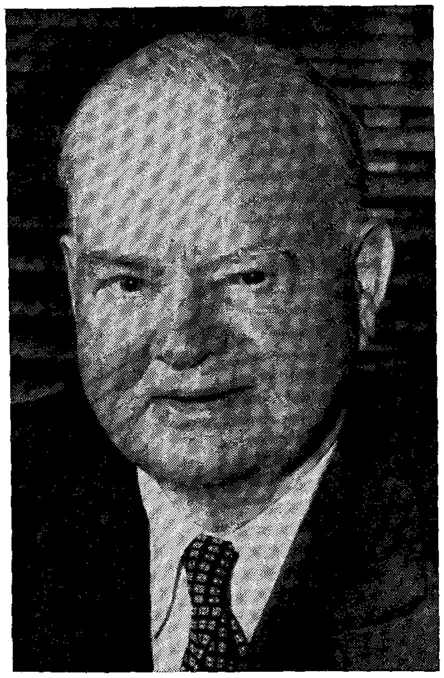

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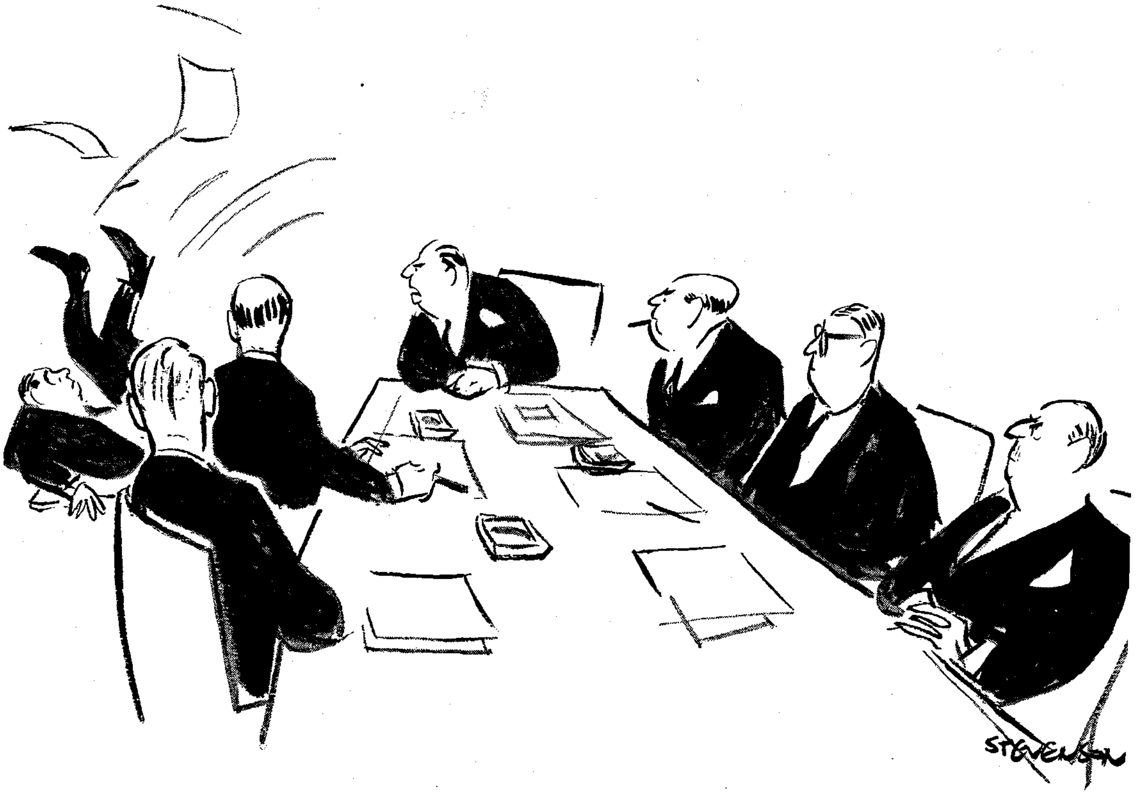
THE PRESBYTERIAN NOMADS

WHEN I was growing up in Washington, D.C., in the early years of this century, it was clear to me that I had been born into a peripatetic family. The downstairs hall in our house at 2805 P Street, in Georgetown, and later in our house at 2071 Park Road, in the Mount Pleasant section of Washington, was frequently cluttered with strange leather and straw valises and wicker baskets belonging to uncles and aunts and cousins, and other connections of the family, who were on the go and had found it convenient to stop off at Washington, see all the sights, come to Sunday dinner with us, and sometimes stay over for a few days before taking to the road again. Since the vast majority of these relatives were Presbyterian clergymen and their wives and children, I used to imagine it was some fundamental unwillingness on the part of men in that line of work to pick out some town or city and stay there that caused this unconscionable amount of shifting around in ecclesiastical circles.

On Sundays, our dinner table was always stretched out to its full length, all the extra leaves having been inserted before churchtime by Miss Annabelle, our Scottish housekeeper, assisted by one of my two older brothers or my young sister or me. I felt myself fortunate if I got a drumstick, and not a neck, from the pair of pullets Miss Annabelle had cut up and fried, or the big hen she'd stuffed and roasted. When there weren't enough rooms available in our house for the migrating parsons, my mother invoked standing arrangements with our neighbors in the same block, and these neighbors often found their spare rooms jammed with footloose ministers of the gospel and their wives and progeny, but the travellers had their meals at our house just the same.

Many of these peregrinations actually did have something to do with the nature of the work the clergymen were engaged in. A clergyman was always hoping to be called to a bigger church than the one he was preaching at, or even to a church of the same size in a community he thought he might like better than the one he was in. A congregation was at the same time hoping to be able to communicate a call to some known or unknown clergyman who might somehow appeal to it more than the one it had. And, when I was a boy, I used to wonder how my clergyman uncles and cousins raised the money to meet their travelling expenses, which, I thought, must be considerable even when they rode in day coaches. In fact, when I was going through a period of skepticism, at the age of fourteen, I sometimes wondered if the impecunious clergymen had by any chance been overwhelmed by temptation and the need for travelling expenses and had made unauthorized use of those piles of pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, half dollars, and sometimes whole dollars that were placed in plates on a table in front of the pulpit by the elders of Presbyterian churches every Sunday morning and evening, and every Wednesday evening at prayer meeting. Investigating this seductive theory, I learned that the organizational setup of the Presbyterian Church had been worked out by its Scottish founders in a way that made such a thing next to impossible. The money was always counted and recounted by a group of businessman elders in a back room of the church after the service, while the preacher looked on, and it was then taken out of his sight by the elders and deposited in a bank account to which he had no access. His salary was paid by check out of this account, and the check required the signatures of two and sometimes three elders or trustees. Church disbursements such as money for charities and the Communion wine or grape juice were also paid by check. As far as I could see, the system was foolproof.

I have at last come to the conclusion that all those Presbyterians simply liked to travel, and that the *way* they went from one place to another was what enabled them to indulge themselves. That serious-minded prophet of doom Mr. Vance Packard, in his popular pseudo-sociological studies, such as "The Status Seekers," keeps harping lugubriously on the American custom of moving about. Since I have never entirely relinquished the early impression I received that just about everybody in the United States is a connection of mine by marriage, if not by blood, I resent Mr. Packard's assertion that Americans move from house to house and from one community to another merely in order to keep up with the Joneses in their search for higher status. It is my opinion that all these millions of present-day cousins and connections of mine, like the clergymen of my boyhood, enjoy peregrination for its own



"Do you suppose, Bancroft, that for the duration of your term as a director of International Consolidated you could possibly forgo tilting?"

sake. The love of travel is, after all, deep in the blood of every one of them. Their ancestors had to travel in order to get over here in the first place, they kept on travelling by one means or another in order to make the country what it was when I was a boy, and they go right on with it in order to make the country what it is today.

I NEVER went on any railroad trips with any of my uncles or aunts or cousins, but the trips I made with my own family to Lexington, Kentucky, where we often went in the summer to visit my Uncle Addison and Aunt Em, and to Virginia Beach, and finally to Nantucket, where we spent several summers, must have been similar in nature to the trips all the related families were making in those days. My mother, who accompanied my father on his own trips whenever she could, was as familiar with the ins and outs of railroading as the information clerks at Grand Central Terminal are today—and the railway system was a whole lot more complicated in those days, because there were a great many more railroads. One had to change and change again.

The adventuresome attitude my mother had toward travelling was demonstrated to us all when she first decided, after conferences with my father, that Nantucket would be a good place to go for a summer as a change from Virginia Beach or Lexington. To reach Virginia Beach, all we had to do was get aboard a Potomac River steamboat of the Old Bay Line, go to Norfolk, and get on a train of the Norfolk Southern Railroad. To go to Lexington, we started off from Washington at 7:35 P.M., taking the Baltimore & Ohio to Martinsburg, where we spent the night with cousins, and boarded another B. & O. train back to Shenandoah Junction, changing there to the Norfolk & Western to Buena Vista, where we changed to the Chesapeake & Ohio, and puffed into the resting place of Robert E. Lee in time for a late supper at Uncle Addison's. There was a simpler way to go to Lexington from Washington, but my mother liked this one because she thought the scenery was superior. The only cash that had to be expended on such a trip was the railway fare, which was $5.12 from Washington to Lexington for an adult, $2.56 for children between the ages of six and twelve, and free for children under that.

We travelled heavy, rather than light. Two or three trunks were called for at the house by the express company, checked straight through to Lexington, and checked up on at each change of

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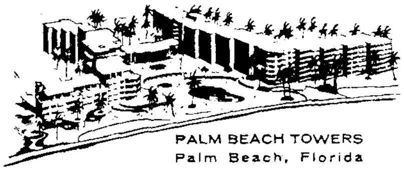

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trains by my mother, while my father got our milk jugs refilled at the house of one cousin or another during the leisurely waits between trains. My two older brothers carried the valises, my mother and Miss Annabelle carried the wicker baskets of fried chicken, devilled eggs, potato salad, beaten biscuits, pies and cakes, and jars of preserves that Miss Annabelle had prepared the day before, and my sister and I carried smaller bundles containing woollen yarn for Aunt Em that Mother had charged at Woodward & Lothrop's, fresh Greek pamphlets that my father had picked up for Uncle Addison—who was a professor of Greek and a Presbyterian elder but a non-clergyman—from other professors of Greek on his travels, and reading matter for us all, such as "Pilgrim's Progress."

We always got to Union Station in plenty of time to be near the head of the line waiting for the gates to open, and would move in a quick-stepping body in order to seize possession of four seats in a day coach—preferably the end car, so my father could stand on the rear platform and smoke a cigar while he watched the tracks recede in the distance. The backs of two of the seats could be reversed, so that the seven of us sat in two cozy boothlike compartments, with the wicker baskets and milk jugs ready at hand and the valises on the baggage racks overhead. There was nothing to it.

But for my mother to pick out the island of Nantucket, off the coast of Massachusetts, as a vacation spot for a family moored in Washington was ambitious even for her practiced and travel-loving self. To get to Nantucket, we took the 9 A.M. Interstate Special of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at Union Station, after getting there by trolley car with a change at Dupont Circle. (My mother preferred the B. & O. to the Pennsylvania, because she liked the sound of its name.) At Jersey City, we disembarked at 2:13 P.M., if the train was on time. We then got aboard a ferryboat, either the Cranford or the Bound Brook, of the Jersey Central Railroad, depending on which one of the two was docked at the Jersey side of the Hudson, and got off it at Liberty Street, in lower Manhattan. From there, we took any number of different trolley cars across the East River by way of the Brooklyn Bridge, and walked four or five blocks to the brownstone home of my Great-Uncle St. Clair in Brooklyn Heights, where free overnight accommodations were to be had.

Early next morning, we recrossed the East River, changed streetcars here

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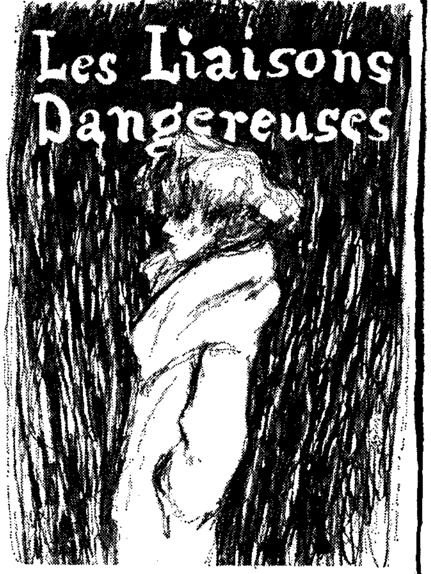

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and there, and reached Grand Central Station in time to be well at the head of the line waiting for the 10 A.M. train of the New Haven, which landed us in Boston at 3:10 P.M. There we went by trolley car to the home of the Reverend Dr. Courtlandt McLaughlin, a Virginian who had wandered around cheerfully until he wound up running a Presbyterian church in New England. There was plenty of room for us at this cousin's house, provided I slept in the same bed with my two brothers, and my sister and Miss Annabelle slept together in the bed vacated by Dr. McLaughlin's eldest daughter, who doubled up with her two small brothers on the third floor rear.

In the morning, having replenished the empty wicker baskets with stuff Miss Annabelle had whipped up in the McLaughlins' kitchen after supper the night before, and with fresh milk in the milk jugs, we set out for the Kneeland Street Station, arriving there in time to catch the 7:35 A.M. of the Old Colony Railroad for Woods Hole. At Woods Hole we got out, refilled the milk jugs and checked up on the trunks, and stepped aboard the Sankaty of the New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard & Nantucket Steamboat Co., which got us to Nantucket at four that afternoon. There, neither trolley cars nor automobiles were countenanced by the wise inhabitants, but we could rent a two-horse surrey to take us and the hand baggage to Sconset, on the other end of the island, and a one-horse express wagon to take the trunks.

The first summer our impressive caravan made the journey to Nantucket, my sister and I were allowed to take along our two Belgian hares, Buck and Mollie. My mother stood up to the wall telephone in the Georgetown house and had a prolonged conversation with the B. & O. about Buck and Mollie. The railroad was adamant. The rabbits' cage couldn't be carried into the day coach. It had to be sent by express. My mother gave in, but she wrote out explicit instructions for the baggage-car attendants on a large cardboard sign, which she glued to the top of Buck's and Mollie's cage, concerning the feeding and watering of Buck and Mollie en route. Next to the spoken word, she enjoyed the written, of any sort, the most, and she went to work on Buck's and Mollie's sign with a flourish. "TO THE BAGGAGEMEN," she printed with pen and ink. "THE TOP OF THIS HOMEMADE RABBIT CAGE IS SECURELY FASTENED ON THE OUTSIDE WITH A HOOK. SIMPLY LIFT OFF THE HOOK AND RAISE THE TOP, BE-

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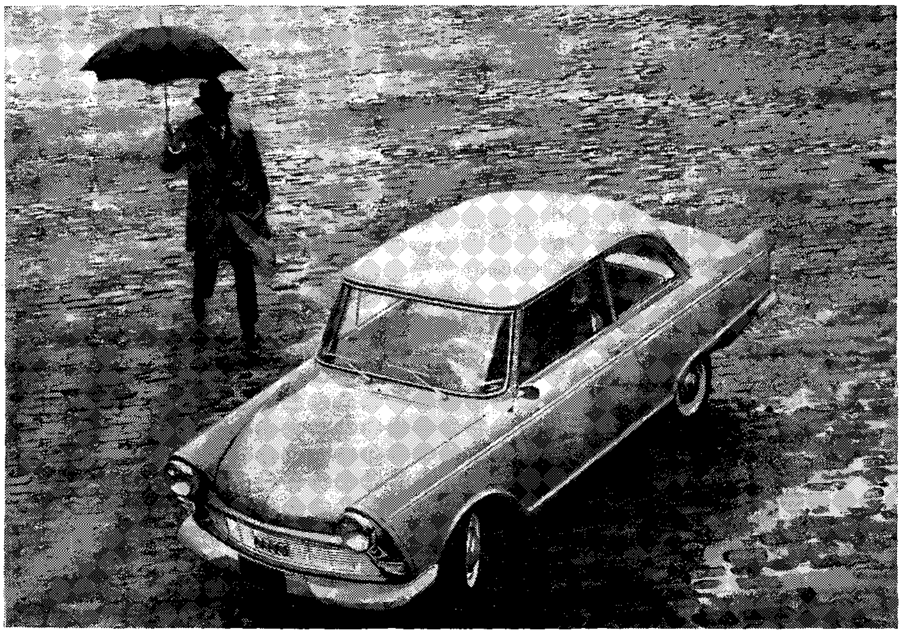

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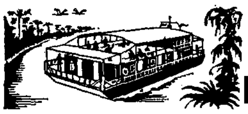

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BUCK and Mollie arrived at Nantucket two days after we did, well fed and not thirsty, and on the way they'd had nine little ones—an event that even my mother hadn't made provision for. The bag of oats was three-quarters empty, Buck and Mollie were nibbling shredded lettuce that had been placed on the floor of the cage by heaven-bound baggagemen, and Mollie herself had provided milk for the little ones.

And even on Nantucket there were incursions of other ecclesiastical nomads. Cousin Frank Rosebro, who had caused a sensation in the family by becoming an Episcopalian priest, found a chapel up there in need of his services, and he stayed with us. Aunt Fanny and Uncle John, his parents, arrived, in time, to be near the wayward Frank, and they stayed with us, too, but declined to go to his chapel to see him conduct the un-Presbyterian High Church rites with his collar on backward.

—ST. CLAIR McKELWAY

•

There is a rigid game law in Kenya which limits hunters to two elephants, one lion, one rhino, one zebra, three buffalo Jones or one of his eight partners, 18 or so natives and two motor vehicles.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

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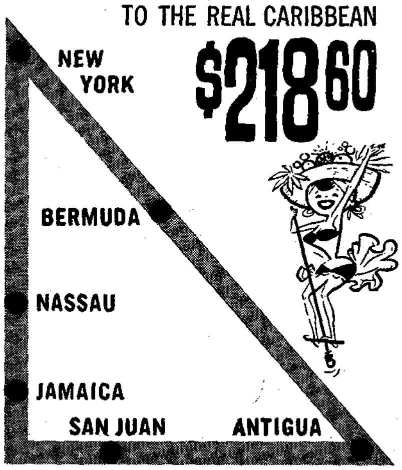

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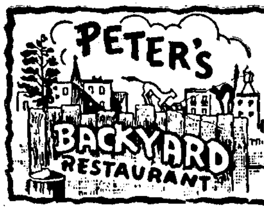

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THE ART GALLERIES

The Whitney Annual

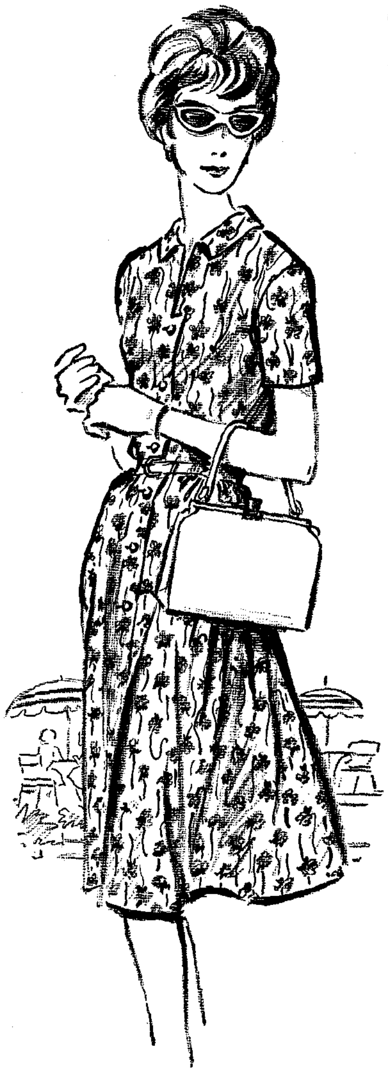
PUNCTUALLY, at the year's end, the Whitney Museum's Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting appears, the latest in a series that began way back in 1932. This year, the collection consists of a hundred and thirty-six paintings, by as many artists, of whom twenty-two are being shown for the first time. Numerically, this is average, but I find it symbolic of the headlong pace of current developments in the arts in this country that of the twenty-two artists who have finally "made" the Whitney Annual, a good half dozen are already fairly well known through their exhibitions in the galleries around town. To be sure, inasmuch as the artists are chosen and their paintings selected by the Museum, this could be taken to mean that the staff had been either careless or overly cautious in its attitude and had refrained from delving deeply among the real unknowns. I don't think that can be the case, however. Like all the Whitney Annuals, the show bears every sign of having been conscientiously assembled. Its range is wide, too, and I believe, as I've just intimated, that the whole thing is simply further evidence of the facility with which even the youngest artists can nowadays reach public notice and achieve, at any rate, the beginnings of a reputation. In the circumstances, it is pleasant to be able to note that of the neophytes at least four are represented by really excellent offerings: Robert Broderson, with his possibly awkwardly planned but effective "Memory of Childhood;" Paul Georges, with his slightly clumsy but appealing "Pregnant Lisette;" Arthur Okamura, with his dark, sombre "Fog in the Valley;" and Jane Wilson, with a wholly entrancing, breezy green landscape called "Shore Wind."

ART
gallery

As for the show as a whole, I found it more than ordinarily comprehensive in structure and extremely catholic in its clear effort to include examples of all the schools that are active today. From Pat Adams, Josef Albers, and Ivan Albright on down the list alphabetically to John von Wicht, Andrew Wyeth, and Adja Yunkers, there are almost no omissions of figures of major importance and few even of minor ones, and the works presented are more than usually uniform in the quality of the performances. Yet the affair is a trifle dispiriting in total effect, and I'm hard put to it to track down the reason. It occurs to me that in the assemblage the Museum may have been too conscientious for its own good, and in its effort to keep the collection all-embracing in character (and thus having no strong *parti pris*) it may have tended to settle for skill and competence—uniformity, in other words—rather than the explosive, experimental, and exceptional. I can see that I'm laying myself open to charges of the most outrageous quibbling in saying all this. Years ago, when the Museum was too staidly tied to the traditional schools, I complained about that; more recently, I objected that it was getting too "wild" in its affiliations with the extreme avant-garde. And yet, now that the Museum has clearly gone to great lengths to steer a middle course, here I am, complaining again!

But the feeling was there, and it remained. Persistent high performance, if it never overreaches itself, can be dulling, too, and sheer competence, worthy as it is, is rarely as exciting as a striving for greatness—even if this results in resounding but still not ignoble failures. Now it's time I had done with all this carping and got on to consideration of the works themselves. For if there is little feeling of adventurousness—if a number of the more established artists seem tired and the others tentative in their approach, if even that determined scarer of the bourgeoisie Robert Rauschenberg (see his "Third Time Painting," clock-bedecked) appears a bit subdued in his surroundings—there is still plenty to engross and also reward the spectator.

For my own part, I was interested to note how—on the evidence of the current showing—the various styles wax and wane through the years. The Social Conscious School, once dominant, has diminished almost to nonexistence. We're too occupied now, it would appear, with sidereal concerns to bother about the troubles of people next door, and, unhappily, as our artists reach out farther into the space age their concepts tend to become correspondingly nebulous. In this respect, Gerald McLaughlin's "The Equation," a slick, stylized essay on atomic war, is one of the real failures in the show. So, in spite of its patness and theatricality, I preferred Jack Levine's "The Spanish Prison,"



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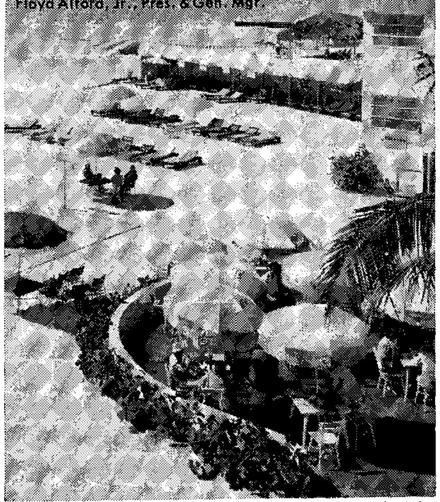

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which is more in the older tradition, as is the irrepressible Philip Evergood's rowdy New Year's Eve scene, "The Tooters."

Surrealism (or whatever name one wishes to call it: Super-Realism, Magic Realism, or whatnot; anyway, the American variety), which for a time functioned as a vehicle for oblique commentary on similar socio-economic questions, has declined in the number of its adherents, too. It appears to have lost its force or its function as well, in a not quite understandable way. I don't know if I dare attempt to translate a snap judgment into a rule, but it seems to me that there is an argument in favor of the proposition that as any style or movement loses its validity a species of vulgarization tends to creep in. In support of this, I'd cite Jared French's carefully enigmatic "Business," Paul Cadmus's tortuous "The Tower," and George Tooker's energetic "Men and Women Fighting," all dreadful. There are, though, things to take up the slack, notably Peter Blume's deeply considered Roman fantasy, "Tasso's Oak," and Ben Shahn's luminously blue, bitter, moving "The Physicist," one of the paintings in his "Lucky Dragon" series, which has also its atomic-age overtones.

The geometric abstractionists are surprisingly strong, and, though in their case not surprisingly, the Abstract Expressionists are, too—the first with I. Rice Pereira's beautifully blue "From the Ocean's Swaying Face a Dove of Light Arose" and Ilya Bolotowsky's surely proportioned and more succinctly titled "Red Tondo;" the latter with such pieces as James Brooks' nicely balanced "Pask," Edward Giobbi's bold red-and-green "Untitled Still Life No. 16," and Hans Hofmann's handsome, fluent "Cascade." Finally, and now setting compartmentalization definitely aside, I'd mention, at random, Hyde Solomon's sinuously patterned "Terminus," Kenzo Okada's gray, chunky little "Hexagram," Seymour Fogel's dark, massive "The Bridge," and—not to make too long a list of it—Tadashi Sato's pearly, poetic "Submerged Rocks, No. 9."

—Robert M. Coates

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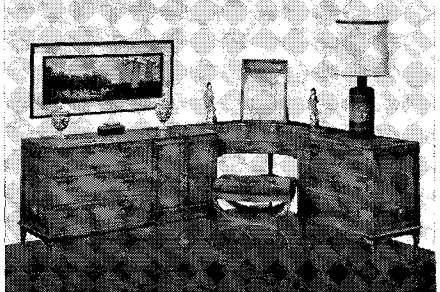

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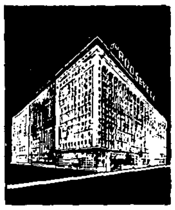

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Ring Out, Ring In

I AM delighted to see Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" back at the Metropolitan Opera House after an absence of five years, not only because I find this monumental series of music dramas enthralling but also because it fills a gap in the repertory that ought never to have occurred. While it is true that this gap resulted, in part, from the scarcity of Wagnerian singers of the first rank, I think another reason for it was that Wagner has of late become an unfashionable composer—a fate that should never befall an artist of his towering stature. Wagner had the misfortune to be the center of a cult during his lifetime and for a few decades afterward, and, like many cults, this one produced a counter-cult, simply through the outrageous smugness of its followers. For the past fifty years, the equally outrageous counter-cult has been very active, assuring us that Wagner was a bad composer, which is clearly preposterous. But its campaign has been helped by two wars with Germany, by the fact that Wagner was Hitler's favorite composer, by the educated but musically insensitive casual theatregoer's distaste for fat Valkyries, by a small minority of music lovers who really do not like Wagner, and especially by contemporary composers, who seem to see the Master of Bayreuth as an overbearing and hated father image that must at all costs be denounced and vilified. There are, of course, good reasons for contemporary composers to feel this way. The work of Wagner lies across the history of music like a glorious germinating force or a stupendous roadblock, depending on your point of view, and cannot be ignored. There is scarcely a composer since his time who has not been influenced by him. Sometimes, as with men like Strauss and Puccini, the influence has taken the form of imitation (and has often resulted in great public success). Sometimes a composer who has disliked Wagner (Debussy, for example) has been unconsciously influenced by him in spite of himself (remember the continuous recitative of "Pelléas et Mélisande"). Sometimes the influence has shown up as violent anti-Wagnerism, and the composer (Stravinsky, along with many others) has spent a lifetime writing music as unlike Wagner's as possible, meanwhile expressing his fury at Wagner by groaning and growling in print.

There is obviously an air of irrationality about the Stravinsky syndrome. Wagner was not the destroyer of the art of music. He was simply a great and tremendously original composer, who dominated his era by the sheer power of his musical genius. No composer of quite comparable genius has arisen since his time. The public that attends performances of Wagnerian opera knows all this and has always known it. It is willing, as I am, to sit through some slight dramatic obscurities (or puzzle them out with the help of books) and to accept the somewhat dated grandiosity of the Wagnerian stage spectacle in order to be thrilled by the music and by the subtlety with which the music underlines a tremendously impressive and daring dramatic idea. Yet the prevailing hostility toward Wagner among intellectuals is such that I feel impelled to qualify a bit in celebrating the importance of the most extraordinary of all his works, and say something like "In my opinion, the 'Ring' is, taken as a whole, one of the noblest achievements of the artistic mind." The qualification "in my opinion" is, of course, utterly fatuous. One does not say, "In my opinion, 'Hamlet' is a great play." It has the unassailable imprimatur of greatness.

So, now that I have laid down the law as well as I can, let me get around to a consideration of the Metropolitan's opening performance of "Das Rheingold," which I attended about a week ago. The Metropolitan's sets are old ones, and not particularly imaginative, but they at least provided a reasonably plausible area for the characters to move around in. The quality of the singing and acting was quite serviceable, and in most of the major roles—George London's fine, authoritative Wotan; Ralph Herbert's excellent Alberich; Jerome Hines' noble Fasolt; Irene Dalis's admirable Fricka; Jean Madeira's unusually eloquent Erda; and Karl Liebl's insinuating Loge—it was up to the best traditions of Metropolitan Wagner productions. Yet this was not, by and large, a "Das Rheingold" that would have passed muster in the great days when Artur Bodanzky or Fritz Stiedry conducted the work. Erich Leinsdorf, who conducted on this occasion, seemed obsessed with the necessity for clarity, which is naturally a desirable attribute of any performance, but his methods of achieving it were some-

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what questionable. His principal one was to subdue the strings and let the brass and woodwinds dominate the score—a device that produced a certain hardness of tone and eliminated the richness of texture that a first-rate "Das Rheingold" should have. For example, the opening measures, which depict the surging flow of the Rhine, lacked the foam and the cataracts that the strings should give them, and the whole passage went off in a somewhat perfunctory manner. Elsewhere, too, the score was given rather lightweight treatment, and in general the performance was without the majesty that is essential to the Wagnerian style. I shall pass over the circumstance that there were a good many errors in the brass, particularly the horns, and that the Rhine maidens sang woefully out of tune during their last appearance. Such accidents can happen in the best of performances. But the fact remains that the total effect was a shade too thin and too lacking in grandeur. Mr. Leinsdorf is one of the Metropolitan's few outstanding maestros at the moment, and he is a man of sterling abilities. It may be that there were a few miscalculations, or it may be that he simply likes his "Das Rheingold" that way, and that his tastes in the matter do not coincide with mine. In any case, I shall attend the subsequent music dramas of the series with great interest.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Cheers for Red Allen

THE preëminence of Louis Armstrong from 1925 to 1935 had one unfortunate effect: it tended to blot out the originality and skill of several contemporary trumpeters who, though they listened to Armstrong, had pretty much gone their own way by 1930. These included, among others, Bobby Stark, Joe Smith, Jabbo Smith (no relation), Bill Coleman, and Henry (Red) Allen. Stark and Joe Smith are dead. Jabbo Smith, a scarifying performer, lives in Milwaukee and performs rarely. After the last war, Coleman went to Europe, where he still displays much of his unique grace. But Allen, the most steadfast of the three, and a distinct influence on Roy Eldridge, who taught Dizzy Gillespie, who taught Miles Davis, and so forth, is playing (usually in New York) with more subtlety and warmth than at any other time in his career. This is abundantly evident in two fairly recent and rather odd releases, "Red Allen Meets Kid Ory" and "We've Got Rhythm: Kid Ory and Red Allen" (Verve

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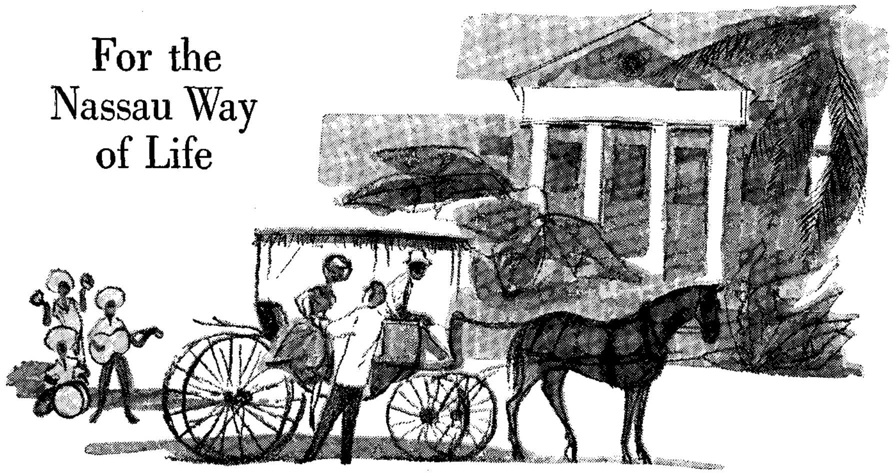
MG V-1018 and 1020), in which Allen, lumped with second- and third-class musicians, plays with a beauty and a let's-get-this-on-the-road obstinacy that transform both records into superior material.

A tall, comfortably oval-shaped man of fifty-four, with a deceptively sad basset-hound face, Allen, born in Algiers, Louisiana, has had a spirited career, despite the shadows he has been forced to work in. He played briefly with King Oliver in 1927, and two years later he joined Luis Russell, another Oliver alumnus. Russell's band was possibly the neatest, hottest, and most imaginative group of its time. (J. C. Higginbotham, Bill Coleman, and Charlie Holmes, the alto saxophonist, were in it, too.) It was also, thanks to Russell's arrangements and rhythmic innovations and to Allen's already exploratory solos, a considerably advanced one. In 1933, Allen joined Fletcher Henderson, with whom he continued his avant-garde ways, and after a period with the Blue Rhythm Band he came face to face in 1937 with Goliath himself when he became a practically silent member of Louis Armstrong's you-go-your-way, I'll-go-mine big band, a group that was kept afloat by Sid Catlett, Higginbotham, Holmes, and the leader. Since 1940, Allen has led a succession of often excellent small groups, which have included Higginbotham, Edmond Hall, Don Stovall (alto saxophone), and Alvin Burroughs (drums). Allen's recording activity has been prolific; he was particularly active during the thirties, when he set down fifty or sixty numbers with small groups, some of which were unabashed attempts to make money ("The Miller's Daughter Marianne," "The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down," "When My Dream Boat Comes Home") and some of which were, and are, first-rate jazz records ("Why Don't You Practice What You Preach," "There's a House in Harlem for Sale," "Rug Cutter's Swing," "Body and Soul," and "Rosetta"). Lamentably, only two or three of these, along with two classic sides made in 1939 with Lionel Hampton, are now available.

Allen's style had just about set by the time he joined Russell. There were traces in it of Oliver and Armstrong, but more apparent were its careless tone, its agility, and a startling tendency to use unprecedentedly long legato phrases and strange notes and chords that jazz musicians hadn't, for the most part, had the technique or courage to use before. Allen's playing



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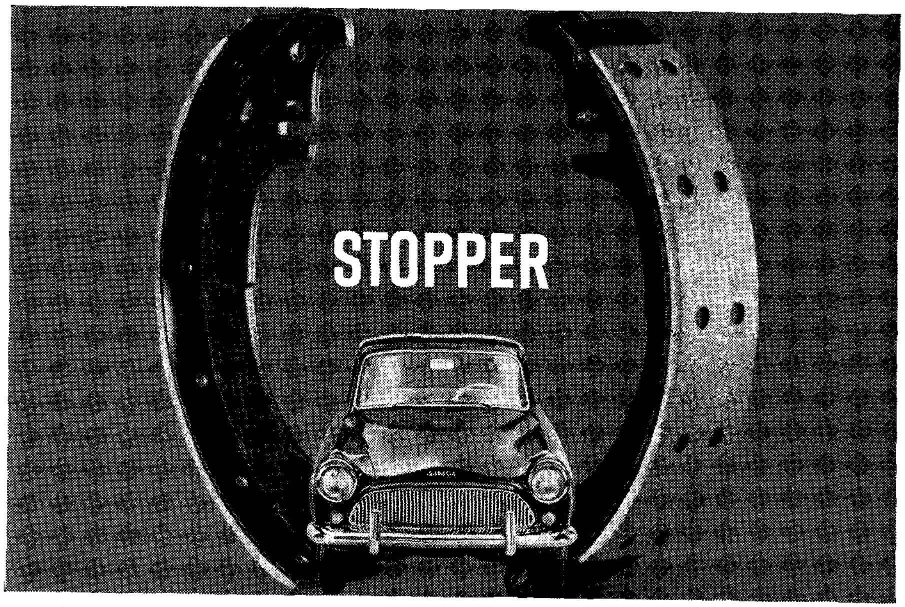

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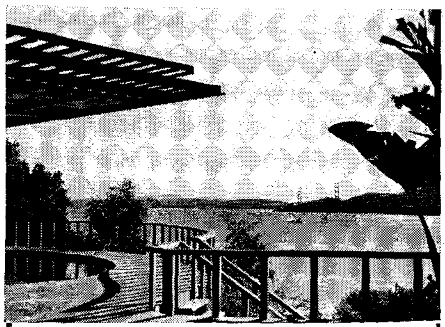
also revealed an emotion and a partiality to the blues that often seemed to convert everything he touched into the blues. But his adventurousness and technique weren't always in balance; he hit bad notes, he blared, and he was ostentatious. Once in a while he would start a solo commandingly and then, his mind presumably going blank, would suddenly falter, ending his statement in a totally different mood and tenor, as if he were attempting to glue parts of two unmatchable solos together. By the mid-forties, Allen's work had, in fact, turned increasingly hard and showy—he fluttered his valves, used meaningless runs, and affected a stony, abrasive tone—and this peculiar shrillness continued into the fifties. Then, six or so years ago, Allen made a pickup recording with Tony Parenti, the clarinettist, for Jazztone, and, not long after, one for Victor with Higginbotham, Coleman Hawkins, and Cozy Cole, and a remarkable new Allen broke into view. Perhaps sheer middle-aged physical wear—a reluctance to *blow* so hard, a reluctance to try and *prove* so much—was the reason. Or perhaps he had been listening to younger and milder trumpeters like Miles Davis and Art Farmer. For his tone has become softer and fuller, he shies away from the upper register (he spends a good deal of time inflating sumptuous balloons in the lowest register), his customarily long figures are even longer, his sensuous, mid-thirties affection for the blues has again become dominant, and he often employs harmonies that would please Thelonious Monk. In short, he gives the impression not of hammering at his materials from the outside but, in the name of Lester Young and Pee Wee Russell, of transforming them insistently if imperceptibly from the inside, like a mole working just under the grass. The results, particularly in slower tempos (the old shrillness sometimes recurs at faster speeds), can be unbelievably stirring. An Allen solo in a slow blues may go like this: He will start with a broad, quiet, shushing note, pause, repeat the note, and, using almost no vibrato, fasten two more notes onto it, one slightly higher and one slightly lower, pause again (Allen's frequent use of silences is another new aspect of his work, as is his more expert use of dynamics), repeat and enlarge the second phrase a little way down the scale, and, without a rest, get off a gorgeous legato phrase, with big intervals, that may shatter into a rapid run and then be reformed into a dissonant blue note, which he will delightfully hold several beats longer than one expects; he then finishes this with a full vibrato and tumbles into a quick, low, almost under-the-breath flourish of half a dozen notes. Such a solo bears constant reëxamination; it is restless, oblique, surprising, lyrical, and demanding. It seizes the listener's emotions, recharges them, and sends them fortified on their way.

The pairing of Allen with the venerable Kid Ory is curious, to say the least. Allen is a modernish swing musician, and Ory is one of the last representatives of genuine New Orleans style. His solos are gruff paraphrases of the melody, while Allen's are intricate temples of sound. Moreover, Allen's leisurely, independent melodic lines are far too spacious to fit within the limitations of the New Orleans ensemble. But perhaps all this is to the good. Ory's sandpaper tone and elementary patterns tend to set off Allen's housetop-to-housetop swoops, and since Allen can't, or won't, adapt himself to the ensemble, he simply solos throughout most of the recordings, which gives us twice as much of him. By and large, the first of the Verve records is the better. Of the seven numbers, all standards, three—"Blues for Jimmy," "Ain't Misbehavin'," and "Tishomingo Blues"—present Allen at his peak. In fact, his single-chorus solo in the slow "Blues for Jimmy" is faultless. This is nearly true of his work on the Waller tune, which is full of blue notes and wind-borne figures. (Puzzlingly, neither of the two vocals is by Allen; Allen, in addition to his other merits, is one of the handful of true jazz singers. His voice is in between Armstrong's and Jelly Roll Morton's, and because of its almost feline, back-of-the-beat phrasing it has long foretold his playing of today.) The second session contains seven more standards, which are notable for Allen's playing in "Some of These Days," in which he tries a few teetering but generally successful auld-lang-syne upper-register handstands; for, in "Christopher Columbus," his muted chorus, which is followed by an open-horn one that begins in his lowest, or trombone, register; and for his three remarkably sustained choruses in the medium-tempo "Lazy River." The rest of the band stands around and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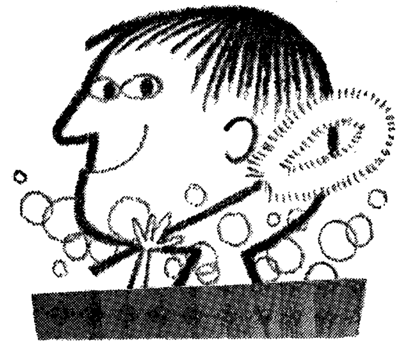
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watches, so to speak, and only the drummer, Alton Redd, gets in the way.

Nota bene, recording companies: It is time that Allen was recorded again with his peers—Pee Wee Russell, Coleman Hawkins, and Benny Morton are a few—and with materials of his own choosing. (The Victor recording was in many ways a restrictive and distressingly sloppy affair.) He has more to say than almost any musician of his generation, let alone the younger men, who, whether they have anything in their heads or not, are granted L.P.s of their own every time the seasons change.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

HOLLYWOOD, Nov. 11.—(UPI)—Jayne Mansfield rapidly is developing her "pink palace" mansion on Sunset Boulevard into probably the most spectacular home in Hollywood history.

Nearly everyone has heard about Miss Mansfield's heart-shaped, gold-colored bathtub, surrounded by pink carpeting on the walls and floor. But here is the actress' account of the home's latest developments:

"Mickey has done everything. I don't even know how many rooms there are—maybe 35 or 45. But anyway, in front Mickey has created a scene of Roman ruins, just gorgeous, with pink flowers growing out of them.

"There's a marble entrance hall and a marble walkway that leads out to a statue of Christ over a fishpond with pink water lilies. There's a bridge which overlooks our heart-shaped pool. On the bottom of the pool, in gold mosaic, it says, 'I Love You Jaynie.' Of course the i is dotted with a heart.

"In the pool, there are two heart-shaped blue and gold mosaic islands upon which are two receptacles. On each receptacle there's a statue of a maiden holding a jug of water, and a fountain comes out of each. We also have a white sand beach by the pool. The sand was imported from Acapulco.

"Surrounding the pool is a pink wall with about 10 statues representing the four seasons. There's a bathhouse, and inside is a beauty parlor in pink marble with a pink make-up chair. We're going to put in a gymnasium.

"We have an open barbecue, and the top of the stove is inscribed: 'Jaynie, my love for you flames forever. Mickey.' Oh, yes, there's a three-story waterfall leading down from the living room into a water pond. And we have every kind of palm in the world. And a badminton court.

"We're building a replica of the all-glass wedding chapel we were married in, with a wishing well fountain in front of it. Of course, some of our flower beds are heart-shaped too."

The ornaments are endless. Suffice it to add a few more details: A loudspeaker system blares music—often rock 'n' roll—into all the rooms.

An intrigued visitor once counted 11 bathrooms.—*Detroit News*.

Bet *he* was pink.

Carol Channing

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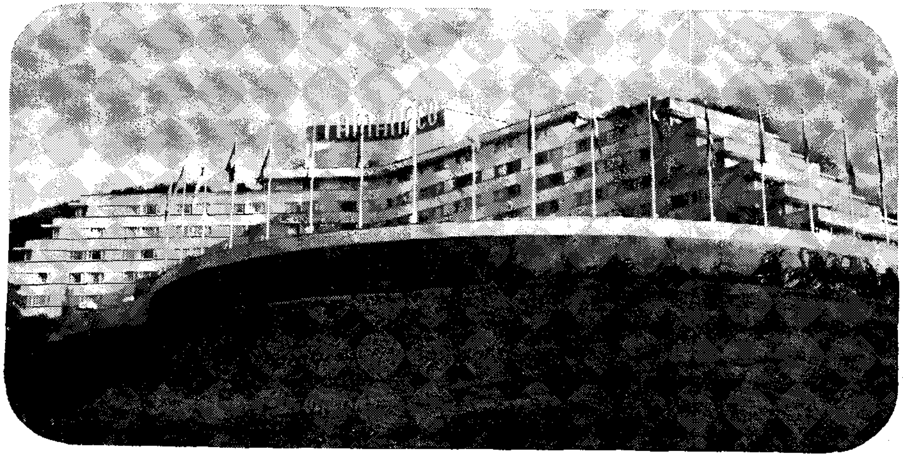

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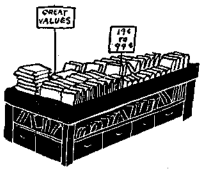


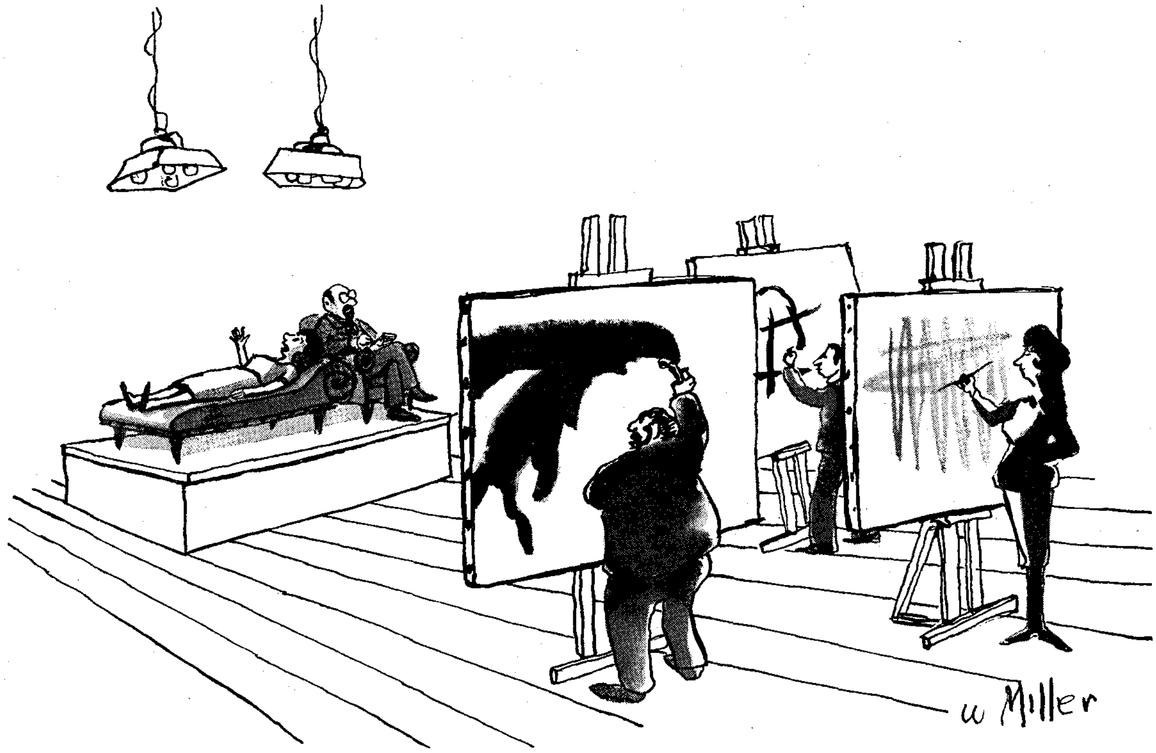
WHENEVER one goes for a country walk in the autumn—darting from tree to tree and cringing behind boulders—one finds it easy to believe that what this country needs is fewer hunters of small game. There is something almost destructive of one's peace of mind, on such a stroll, in hearing the crisp passage of a bullet through a nearby thicket, followed an instant later by the report of a misguided rifle. And, for all its superficial resemblance to the sound of raindrops, the patter of spent bird shot in the trees over one's head does little to encourage a philosophical interest in the wonders of nature. To be sure, an ingenious person can provide himself with a measure of protection. A country friend of mine never ventures into his woods during the season without a great brass horn, such as yachtsmen use, and it is a grand thing to hear him rouse the echoes as he walks, sounding for all the world like an ocean liner, lost and lugubrious, in the hills of Putnam County. This horn, he says, performs a double service, in that it simultaneously warns hunters of his whereabouts and frightens away all game within a circle of several hundred yards. "If a hunter shoots at me," he confidently asserts, "it will not be by accident," and his estimation of the common level of marksmanship is such that he would rather be the average hunter's target than anything else in the neighborhood.

Still, it won't do, and neither will such desperate rural expedients as painting "COW" on the flanks of livestock. A general problem calls for a general solution, and perhaps the best solution is to pass hunting laws similar to those that obtain in England. As I understand these laws, they limit the promiscuous slaughter of game and fellow-sportsmen to those people who actually own the land. The trespassing hunter, if he is caught, receives a severe sentence, which may extend to fourteen years in jail, or transportation (I am inclined to believe that this is no longer true, since my source of information on such matters, which I will come to by and by, is out of date, but that is beside the present argument). Admittedly, the laws and penalties that I suggest will not put an end to the trespassing hunter. They are not meant to. They are meant to discourage the foolish and inept. The truly competent hunter will reappear, transfigured, as that very interesting person the poacher.

Unlike the generality of hunters, the poacher is an ornament to the countryside. His business requires both discretion and accuracy. He has neither time nor cartridges to waste on bystanders, and he usually limits his sport to the hours of dusk and darkness. He takes to the fields not because he has read Ernest Hemingway, or because he wants to escape from his family, or because he thinks it a fine, brave, masculine thing to do, but because, simply and irrevocably, he loves to hunt and cannot help himself. He may be trusted to make a good job of it.

Ladies and gentlemen of the legislature, I give you James Hawker, the author of "A Victorian Poacher" (Oxford). On the memoirs of this remarkable man I am content to rest my case. The manuscript of these recollections, inexplicably garnished with photographs of Count Leo Tolstoy, of a young actress named Gladys Cooper, and (more reasonably) of a spring gun designed to shoot unwary poachers, was found in a private library by Garth Christian, who prepared them for publication. Mr. Christian preserved the author's spelling, and wisely forbore to meddle with his instinctive distribution of capital letters, which affords many fine subtleties of emphasis.

"Born in the year 1836 in Daventry Northamptonshire of very Poor Parents my Father was a Tailor by Trade my Mother Assisted him at his work times were very Bad and they found it Hard to Live," the manuscript begins. In his earliest years, the author, like many another virtuoso, gave no hint of his future greatness. Indeed, he was all of fourteen before he began to poach, and then only on a small scale. "Having no Gun, no net, no Dog, I was content for a time to Poach Fish with a Ball of String Hooks and Small Baits," he says. And for several years he continued to limp along in this unsatisfactory fashion, a David Oistrakh condemned to whistle for want of a violin, until at last he was old enough to accept the ten shillings Her Majesty proffered to all those who joined the Army. "I Did not join to Serve the Queen," Hawker candidly recalls. "I wanted the ten shillings to buy a Gun and when I got it I Bought one." It was not a very good gun, being old and subject to fits of obstinacy on damp nights, when the priming would fail to explode, and many was the time that



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Hawker, having aimed at a pheasant and squeezed the trigger, "Had to Leave him Sitting in his Glory as the Gun wouldn't go off!" However, our author was a man of immeasurable resource, and while serving his time in the Army he hit upon the happy idea of enlisting anew, for another ten shillings, so that he was, he says, "in the Army Double," and when the roll was called for his other self, he "Could Not Help Laughing," but prudently "kept Dark about it." Having served his concurrent enlistments, Hawker found himself a civilian again, but only briefly, for he realized that he was onto a Good Thing. He soon enlisted in the Leicester Militia, collected another ten shillings, and hastened at once to Coventry, where he enlisted yet again. It appears, however, that his enthusiasm for the military life was entirely limited to the first few lucrative moments. While he was stationed at Aldershot, we learn, "I proved beyond all Doubt that I Could never be trained to Kill Peasants, but Pheasants were another matter. I knew that the Class what trained me to shoot Peasants would kill me or at least imprison me for Killing what God sent for everyman—the pheasants. So I made up my mind to Desert. Once more I longed to Ramble through the Beautiful Fields." And ramble he did, to Oadby, in Leicestershire, where he settled down at last to the serious business of his life and art.

Having secured a weapon he could depend on, Hawker soon demonstrated that God's edible creatures belonged not exclusively to the Class that tried to hog them but to any skillful player of, as he calls it, "the Sacred Game." For it was not just the pressures of poverty, or the pleasures of sport and table, that inspired him to poach, but political conviction as well:

> When we have sat down and had a rest after Killing as many hares as we could carry, I have thought of *the* man who owned that wood. He was a Red Hot Tory who travelled 68 miles to the House of Commons—to trespass on my liberty.
>
> So this was Tit for Tat. I was getting a bit of my own back on Sir Charles Knightly Bart., who sat in the House for 30 years and never opened his Kisser.

So strong, indeed, was his opposition to the Class that he regularly jeopardized his security by shooting foxes, a quarry whose only value was negative, a dead fox being worthless to those who ride to hounds. "There are very few men," he proudly taunts, "who have killed more Foxes than me."

It must be understood, however, that Hawker's opposition to the Class was a

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matter only of principle and not the consequence of a resentful temperament. He had a number of close friends among the ranks of Privilege, and, to his vast annoyance, several gave him permission to hunt their lands. This greatly diminished his sport, for the pleasure of poaching appears to consist as much in circumventing human foes as in outwitting one's quarry, and in being hunted as well as hunter. His skill was such that he was moved to boast, sweepingly, that "no man has been in more Danger and Suffered less than I have done." His chief method of eluding capture was to run like crazy, but one feels that the encounters that gave him the greatest satisfaction were those that involved a sharp duel of wits with a potential captor, as when he was surprised in mid-poach by a farmer named Bunny:

> I shot a Hare on his land as He came through a Gate Close to me. I had the Hare in my Hand. "I ain't fair got you this time," he said. "Now I shall Have you Down Leicester Gaol way." He spit and Hit his stick on the Ground. He was Red Hot. But I laughed at Him and that made Him worse. But Hasty short-tempered men are always the Best to Deal with. "You shocking scoundrel," he shouted. "This is a nice thing to laugh about." But I knew that if I Could only get him to Stay a few minutes I would humour him. You can win more by kindness than by Abuse.
>
> "Now, Mr. Bunny," I said. "I know you want to Do Me. Why? I've never known you Do anyone Before, not even a Boy. If you Do me now, everybody will Hate You. You've a Good Name in the place. Don't lose it for a Petty Hare."
>
> He walked about, Struck his stick on the ground, spit a time or two and then said, "Well, Darn you. Be off. Never let me see you here again," he shouted as I made off. How many of such men are left today? None.

As the reader doubtless has surmised, Hawker enjoyed the disposition of a philosopher, and he delighted in taking a larger view of his sport. "How Grand is The Life of a Poacher," he writes. "Yet it is more Grand to Learn the Habbits of Game." Like many of his distinguished Victorian contemporaries, he believed that there were elegant moral lessons to be learned from God's creation. His moral outlook, however, was entirely original:

> Nothing on four legs kills as many head of game as the little Stoat. But he rarely eats what he kills. He plays the part of a Sanitry Officer. Where rabbets are too thick on the ground, they are like the Human Family and get Disease. This little chap keeps them down or Regulates them. How Beautiful are the works of nature.

Elsewhere, he combines the dainty example set by wild creatures with

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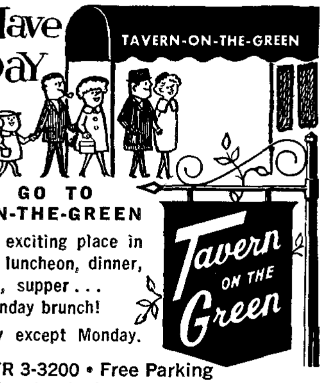

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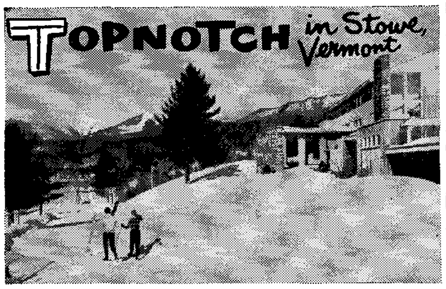
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his personal observation to produce some startling advice for lovers in the country:

> Try to imitate the Timid Hare and get out into the open when you have a Little Secret to tell. Do not sit where there are Preserved Game or you may Sit Close to a Poacher.

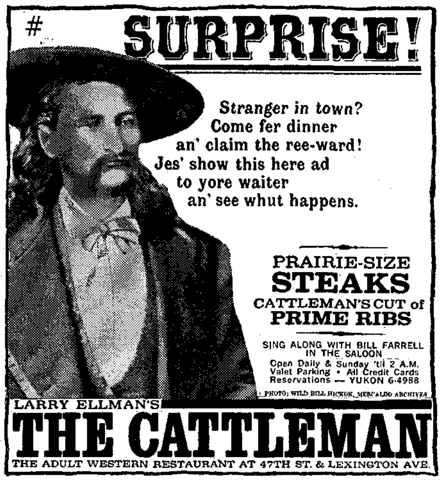
I might go on indefinitely culling statements of great interest and merit from these memoirs, but I trust that the reader already is persuaded of the superiority of the poacher over the run of unthinking hunters who yearly descend upon our countryside in a random pestilence of lead. It remains only to add that Hawker, who repeatedly declares, "If I am able, I Will Poach Till I Die," reached the age of eighty-four in complete possession of his faculties and armaments. His editor assures us that until a few months before his death the quiet of early dawn in Oadby was regularly punctuated by the sound of Hawker's gun.

—DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

ALL THE BEST YEARS, by Desmond Young (Harper). The autobiography of a high-spirited Englishman whose life is every bit as entertaining to read about as it must have been enjoyable to live. Mr. Young's career began (for purposes of this memoir) with his expulsion from Oxford in 1912. He spent the next two years managing a London music hall and living it up with the stars. At the outbreak of the 1914 war, he enlisted in the Army, and he served throughout in France, in the trenches. After the war, he profitably busied himself as a ship salvor in the White Sea, the North Sea, the North Atlantic, and elsewhere. Then he operated a chic and highly successful night club in London. This was followed by some fifteen years as a newspaperman in South Africa and India. The Second World War found him back in uniform—in India, in Abyssinia, in North Africa, and, eventually, in a P.W. camp in Italy, from which he escaped to Switzerland for the duration of hostilities. He whiled away the immediate postwar years as a public-relations man for the Nizam of Hyderabad. It then occurred to him to write a biography of Rommel. Published in 1950, under the title "Rommel: The Desert Fox," his book was at once a worldwide best-seller and was bought by Hollywood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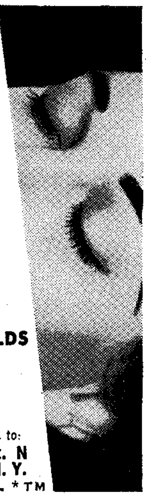
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MOSCOW JOURNAL: THE END OF STALIN, by Harrison E. Salisbury (University of Chicago Press). Most of this book is Mr. Salisbury's diary for the years 1949 through 1953, describing his fascinating, unhappy tour of duty as the Russian correspondent of the New York *Times*. (It also includes several letters and dispatches.) During most of the time, Russo-American relations were at their iciest; Mr. Salisbury got little news from official sources, non-officials were afraid to talk to Americans, and the copy he filed was treated, through skillful censorship, to cosmetic surgery that flattered Soviet reality. There were not many other Americans in Moscow, and Mr. Salisbury was lonely as well as frustrated professionally. He frequently felt uneasy, too; he had the impression during the last years of Stalin's life and the first months of the battle for the succession that he was observing a series of cruel dramas he could not quite understand. Mr. Salisbury's report on Russia is valuable, but even more illuminating, perhaps, are his particulars about a struggle to get trustworthy news to the trusting newspaper reader.

THE BALANCE OF TERROR: STRATEGY FOR THE NUCLEAR AGE, by Pierre Gallois, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Houghton Mifflin). What is interesting about this reargument of the logic of deterrence—M. Gallois calls it "dissuasion"—is its all-pervasive Frenchness. The author, a retired French Air Force general and former strategic planner for SHAPE, arrives at a number of astonishing conclusions, including the thought that we are all safer now, during the uncontrolled arms race, than we would be after thermonuclear disarmament. (He fears that the act of discarding our most horrible weapons would give sanction to an unmanageable, medium-horrible war.) He also thinks that France and the other NATO countries should be given nuclear weapons and allowed, under some conditions, to fire them without President Kennedy's permission. (Dissuasion won't work, he believes, unless bombs are placed in the hands of countries that might be foolish

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enough to commit suicide by taking a shot at Goliath.) M. Gallois' unorthodoxies are far from convincing, yet his audacious, logical contrariness has its fascination.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HELEN ALL ALONE, by William Buchan (Morrow). An English story of international intrigue, with a beautiful young London woman, Helen Clark, playing a romantic spy lead. The scene is Senj, the capital of a tiny Central European country that was recently a kingdom and is now nominally a republic, but under the domination of the Soviet Union. The British Minister to Senj is Mark Ogilvy, very handsome, very brilliant, and quite mysterious, and Helen's instructions from the British Foreign Office are to take care of Mark's motherless little girl and, incidentally, keep an eye on Mark. The situation is banal, but Mr. Buchan is by no means a banal writer. We suspect at the beginning that nothing about this story is as simple as it appears to be, and as we read along, we know that we were right. The time is 1950.

CHOICE OF VIOLENCE, by Hugh Pentecost (Dodd, Mead). An unlikely but very readable tale of murder and kidnapping in a solid New England township called Lakeview. The citizens of Lakeview are angry when their softest touch, a wealthy and generous woman named Birdie Cleaves Molloy, is brutally murdered, and their suspicion falls with a bang on her husband, Nik, a comparative stranger to the community. Nik, a pathetic man with an atrocious sense of humor, attracts the protection of Uncle George Crowder, a former county prosecutor turned hermit in repentance for a mistake he made while in office, and the battle for justice gets under way. There is plenty of local color, and a glamorous movie star, Nik's former and still loyal wife, provides a touch of the exotic.

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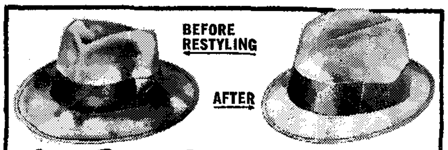

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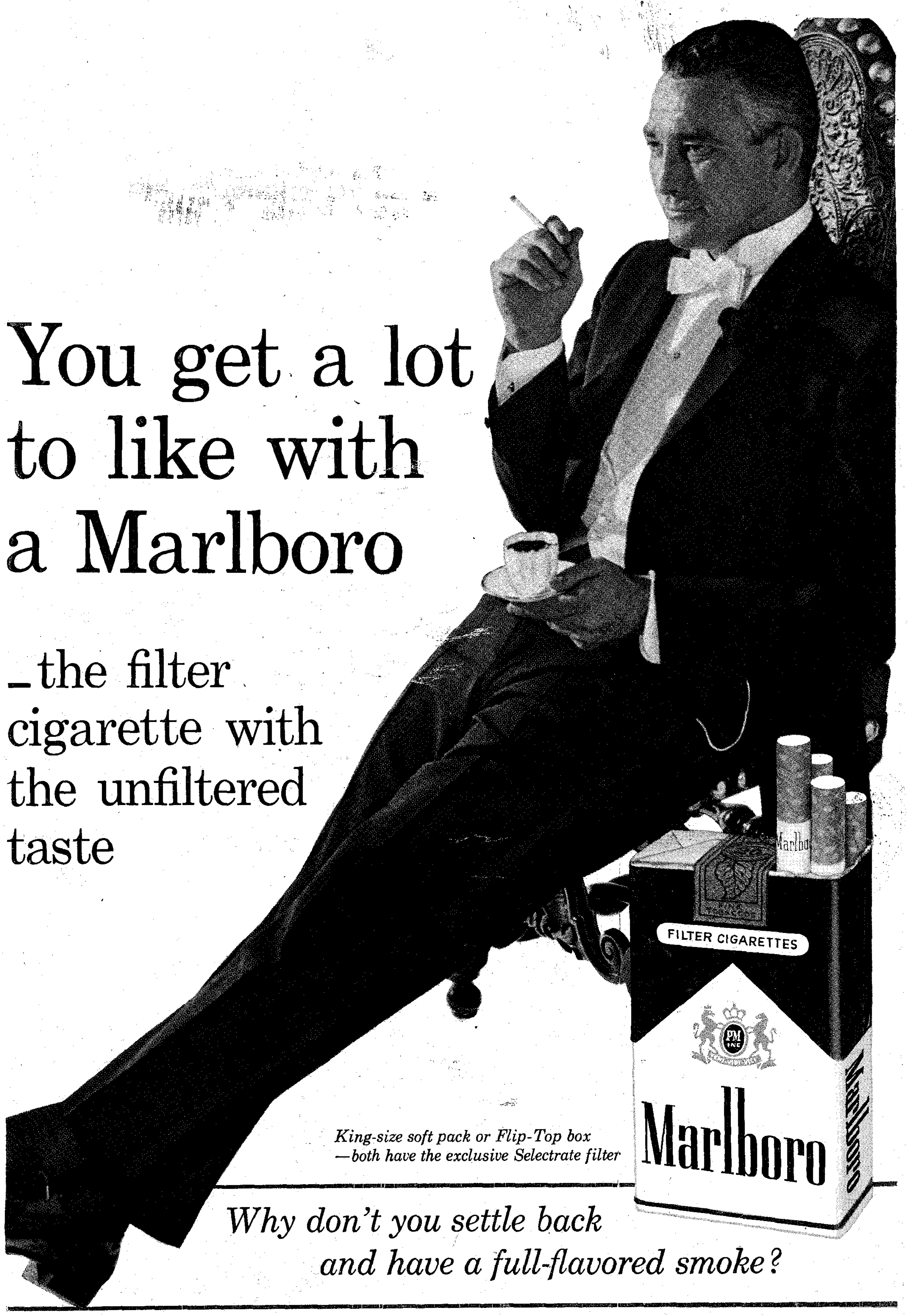
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